

JOHN BULL



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GREAT 'ANIMAL LOVERS' CONTEST

HURRY! LAST DAYS

Readers of "John Bull" can win on the Entry Form below

£15,000 for 6d.
DON'T BE TOO LATE!

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Sloans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixth of an entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

ANIMAL LOVERS CONTEST!

- | | One Entry 6d. | Two Entries 1/- | Three Entries 1/6 | Four Entries 2/- | Five Entries 2/6 |
|----|--|-----------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1 | £d give my life for you. What will you give for me? | | | | |
| 2 | Please help the pal that never lets you down. | | | | |
| 3 | A Gift in Time Saves a Life Like Mine. | | | | |
| 4 | I'm game enough for anything, are YOU game enough to help me? | | | | |
| 5 | "Man-kind" they call you:—DO prove that it's true! | | | | |
| 6 | Kindness towards Dumb Creatures is a step towards Heaven. | | | | |
| 7 | I gave you my "Faith," Can I "Hope" for your "Charity"? | | | | |
| 8 | As one Sport to another, please give us a leg up. | | | | |
| 9 | I am dumb, but I do hope you aren't deaf. | | | | |
| 10 | I'll give the "lick" if you'll give the promise. | | | | |
| 11 | Your "Generosity" will be rewarded with "Dumb" gratitude. | | | | |
| 12 | You'd love to help me? Thanks. I'd LOVE you to. | | | | |
| 13 | Your life is your own, but mine is in your hands. | | | | |
| 14 | Be a Pal and Help a Pal. | | | | |
| 15 | We LIVE for you—won't you GIVE for us? | | | | |
| 16 | A little help in time is better than a lot too late. | | | | |
| 17 | Affectionate and True, in return, I look for help from you. | | | | |
| 18 | You can depend on me. Can I depend on you? | | | | |
| 19 | You loved me when in health; now give me health—for love. | | | | |
| 20 | Animals suffer in silence—Don't be "silent" to their sufferings. | | | | |
| 21 | We can't speak—but we look to you to see us through. | | | | |
| 22 | A silent appeal calling for a sound response. | | | | |
| 23 | I'm game when I'm well, so play the game when I'm not. | | | | |
| 24 | You taught me begging for sport, be a sport now. I'm begging. | | | | |
| 25 | Please spare a fraction for a pal out of action. | | | | |
| 26 | With my eyes I plead for the help I need. | | | | |
| 27 | Appealing little beggar, aren't I? Can I "touch" you? | | | | |
| 28 | Faithful always to you—now do your bit for me. | | | | |

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules, and enclose

P.O. Number value covering entries.

P.O. is crossed/ & Co./ and is made payable to The Royal Veterinary College.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

(Block Letters)

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.6.

Cut Along Here

Address your entry: Dept. J. B. 6, Royal Veterinary College, Appeal Headquarters, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Dear old pal—I'm going to be as big a friend to you as you are to me by doing all I can to help sick and suffering animals.



£15,000

for
6d

Organised by the Royal Veterinary College in conjunction with the "Daily Herald."

HURRY! Hurry!!
Hurry!!! It's now only a matter of days before this great Contest closes! Very shortly your opportunity to win the gigantic sum of £15,000 for 6d. will have vanished for ever. Don't let delay rob you of this golden prize. Enter at once! Hurry!!

£10,000

2nd Prize £500; 3rd Prize £250.

First Prize—An extra £5,000 will be awarded to the winner, making £15,000 in all, if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

reader of "John Bull" may enter. All the prizes are guaranteed by the "Daily Herald" and the whole of the profits will go to the Royal Veterinary College.

The huge First Prize of £10,000 must be won by someone, and an extra £5,000 will be paid to the winner, making £15,000 in all, if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

There are five columns provided on each Entry Form. Enter yourself and get your family to enter too. The more entries you send the greater will be your opportunity of winning and the more you will help this most deserving cause.

Someone must win the colossal cash fortune which is offered in this Contest. Enter NOW and the telegram which in a very short time will be sent to the winner may be addressed to YOU.

Additional Entry Forms for further attempts will be found in the "Daily Herald."

Jump to it, Towser! It's just what I want every-one to do to help your sick and suffering friends.



Do please tell everyone to do their bit to help sick and suffering creatures — they can all help by entering the Animal Lovers Contest.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Entry form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

2. Space for up to five entries have been provided on each form and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

3. In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the judges will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

4. Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

5. After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will

receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

6. In the event of a tie or ties the prizes are affected will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

7. The Royal Veterinary College reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the College upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Royal Veterinary College takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

8. Employees of the Royal Veterinary College and the "Daily Herald" and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

9. The closing date is Saturday, July 2nd, and competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

10. Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

This Appeal is supported by: Lt.-Col. Sir Merrick E. Burrell, Bart., C.B.E. (Chairman); Most Hon. the Marquis of Crewe, K.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl Bathurst, C.M.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Harwood, K.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Yarborough; Rt. Hon. Lord Daresbury, C.V.O.; Rt. Hon. Lord Glanely; Rt. Hon. Lord Harlech, C.B.; Rt. Hon. Lord Midway of Flete; Rt. Hon. Lord Woolavington, K.C.V.O.; Major Sir Leonard Bracey, Bart., M.P.; Sir Ralph Jackson, M.C.V.S.; Maj.-Gen. Sir John Moore, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S., Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weirall, K.C.M.G.; Major F. T. G. Hobday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E.; W. Parkin-Moore, Esq.; Lt.-Col. E. W. Stanforth, C.B.; Capt. Robert B. Bracey.

CLOSING

SAT. JULY 2



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1392	POUDRE DE TOILETTE (Bath Dusting Powder). In red enamel box, with large Puff.	125
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1394	SHAVING SOAP. Cleanly packed in black bakelite bowl.	100
1396	SHAVING STICK. In black bakelite holder.	60

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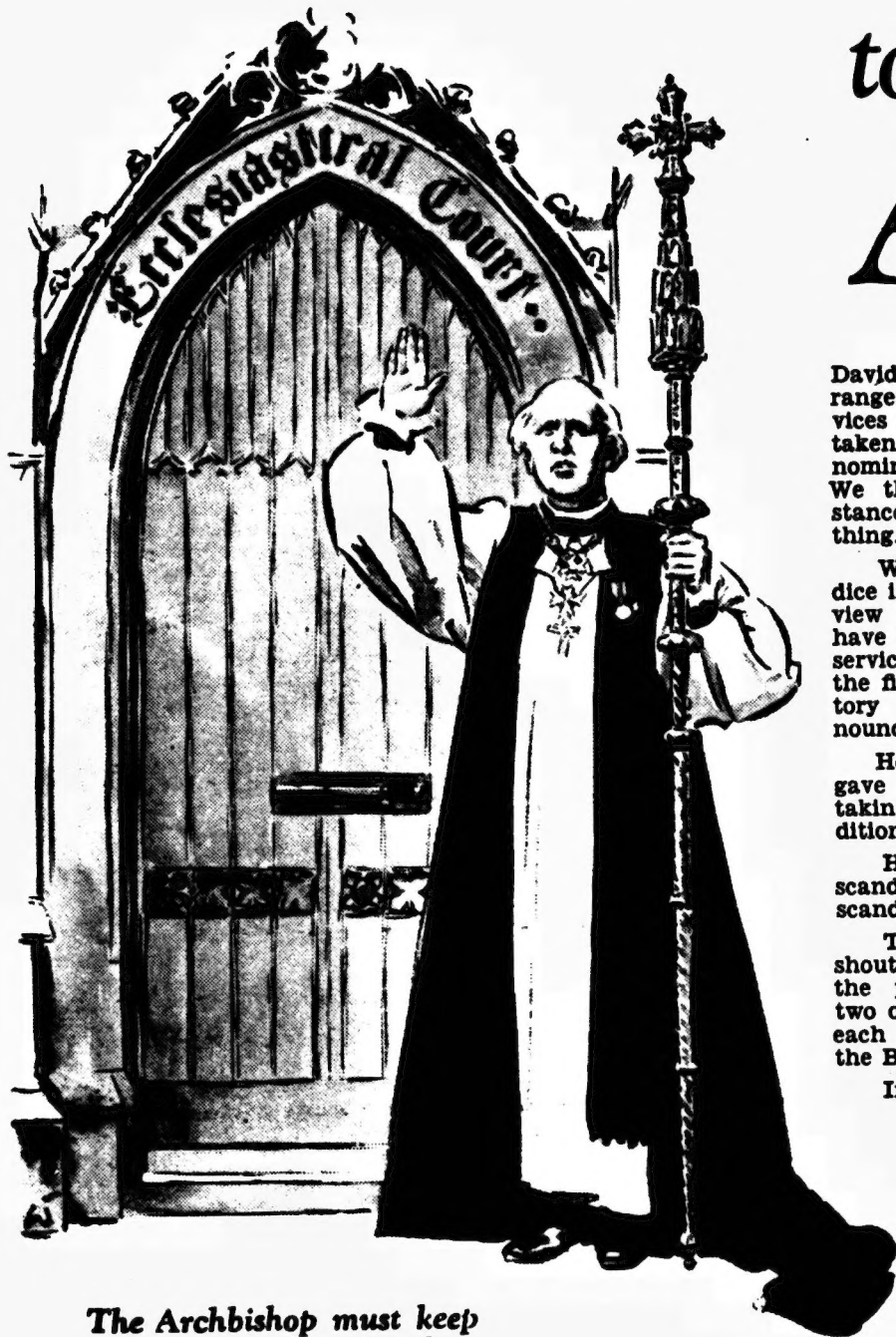
JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, June 25, 1932.
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The Archbishop must keep that door fast closed

Davidson agreed to an arrangement whereby the services at Stiffkey were to be taken by other clergymen nominated by the Bishop. We think in the circumstances he did the right thing.

We are without prejudice in this matter. In our view Mr. Davidson would have been wiser to hold no services in his parish until the findings of the Consistory Court had been announced.

He maintains that he gave a conditional undertaking and that the conditions were not fulfilled.

However that may be, scandal has been piled upon scandal.

There was an uproar of shouting and applauding in the parish church while two ordained priests defied each other, each grasping the Bible on the lectern.

In our view a scene of

private, counsel was able to announce that, "in the interests of the Church, this case may be regarded as at an end."

It is, of course, the duty of a bishop to maintain discipline among his clergy. If a clergyman's way of living is thought to be scandalous, steps must be taken to end the scandal.

The Church cannot willingly permit even the appearance of evil, for a clergyman, by the very nature of his office, is expected—and quite rightly expected—to set an example of upright and blameless conduct. Before his ordination he realises that he will be judged not as other men, but as an ordained priest.

EXCEPT in very extreme cases, however, it surely ought not to be difficult to deal discreetly with indiscreet clergy. Scores of such men are actually thus dealt with every year and the public hears nothing about it. With tact, diplomacy and firmness it should even be possible to induce any padre, no matter what his delinquencies, to resign his living without giving the fact undue publicity.

Such cases, when they occur in Non-conformist circles, are dealt with *in camera*.

A lawyer or a doctor similarly accused of unprofessional conduct has to answer to his colleagues. Public scandal is avoided and the profession itself is not brought into disrepute.

If, then, the Church cannot deal with this class of accusation without publicity, it is clearly high time that it should obtain power to do so.

That would be very much more useful than power to censor or curtail newspaper reports of cases which the Church, as the law stands, is perforce bound to investigate in public.

Nobody more than the Bishop of Norwich will deplore the fact that procedure which we associate more with the criminal courts—such as the

hiring of detectives and the shadowing and interrogating of possible witnesses—should in this twentieth century find a place in ecclesiastical proceedings.

There is no legal objection to the use of such methods. They are, for example, constantly employed by injured wives or husbands seeking evidence for divorce.

But the public has been rather shocked to find that the Church, through its agents, still retains the right to employ such methods.

Whatever the result of the Stiffkey case itself, we repeat that the memory of it will not easily be erased from the public mind.

It is clearly beyond all doubt that the Bishop of Norwich and his advisers have acted throughout from a sense of duty.

Nevertheless, we don't hesitate to say that any other method of dealing with the case would have been preferable to the public washing of so much dirty linen.

Assailed by criticism from without and somewhat troubled by dissension from within, the Church continues to do noble work and wield a great influence.

It is a thousand pities to see that influence impaired by sorry publicity over a very sorry, but in itself very trivial, business.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

WHATEVER may be the decision in the case of the Rector of Stiffkey, it will take the Church some time to live down the affair.

Every loyal Churchman—more, every decent citizen—has been disgusted by the notoriety which has attached to the proceedings in the Norwich Consistory Court.

The Archbishop of Canterbury himself is so concerned about this aspect of the case that he is "conferring with leading lawyers to see whether it is not possible to introduce legislation by which this abuse of publicity may be restrained without injuring the course of justice."

It would be very much more to the point if his Grace were to confer with his brother bishops—not to get Parliament to tamper with the freedom of the Press on their behalf, but to evolve a scheme which would prevent this kind of case ever coming into court at all.

We do not blame the Bishop of Norwich for the unfortunate sequel of a Sunday or two ago, when an unedifying squabble between Mr. Davidson and another clergyman took place in Stiffkey Church.

Early in the Consistory Court proceedings, Mr.

this kind is more damaging to the Church than any report of court proceedings can possibly be.

The Archbishop of Canterbury may protest that newspapers should be restrained from publishing "a stream of sordid and unsavoury details" given in evidence before the public, but no prelate could ever hope to suppress reports of proceedings in a parish church.

Moreover, far from blaming the Press, the Archbishop ought to know that it did its job with discretion. The evidence in the Stiffkey case contained much unsavoury material which the newspapers refrained from printing.

WILL the Church never learn that every investigation of its own clergy's private lives, every bitter wrangle between an incumbent and his parishioners, every public quarrel between two brethren of "the cloth," is doing grave harm to the cause of religion itself?

Laymen can, perhaps, see these things more clearly than priests. Mr. Justice Acton, for instance, intervened the other day to save the Church from yet another scandal.

He had before him two clergymen, the one plaintiff and the other defendant in a libel action, and he appealed to them to settle their differences out of court even at the eleventh hour.

Ultimately, after considerable discussion in

The League's Big Job for Arthur Henderson?

IT has been known for some time among the intimates of Arthur Henderson that the cause nearest his heart is Disarmament.

He did magnificent work for it when he was Foreign Secretary and as Chairman of the Disarmament Conference.

If he could place the world beyond danger of war he would regard it as a greater triumph than any that mere Party politics could give him. And he would be right.

No one better

We understand that it has been suggested to him that he should succeed Sir Eric Drummond as Secretary-General of the League of Nations.

There could be no better choice. Arthur Henderson's whole heart and soul would be in the job.

At the moment it is uncertain whether he will accept the post, which carries a salary of £7,500 a year.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would like him to do so. They may have political differences at home, but none where Mr. Henderson's work at Geneva is concerned.

Sorry to be M.P.s

Parliament is the House of Blighted Hopes for some young Tories, who at the last election stood for seats regarded as safe Labour strongholds. They never expected to get in, but they did—to their great surprise.

Now the glamour of victory has changed to dismay.

They find they can't give time to their own business interests, which are worth far more to them than the £360 they get for attending to the nation's business.

Let them resign!

Quite a dozen of them want to resign their seats, but the Government doesn't want to risk by-election defeats.

We have no such scruples. We don't want absentee M.P.s or M.P.s who can't concentrate on their Parliamentary job. They should get on with it—or get out!

Bravo, Lady Astor

We like the bull-dog persistence of Lady Astor.

She is now hammering away at the Government to help the thousands of children who live underground in sium basements. She wants open-air nursery schools for them. It is, she thinks, the only way of giving them a chance in life.

She is told the country can't afford it. She shouldn't take "No" for an answer. This is one thing that sooner or later we shall have to afford.

The wrong way

Thousands of people have lost their jobs, the cost of the "dole" has risen, and an extra burden put on the taxpayer because some folk have cut down spending and started hoarding.

This is the wrong way to economise. The Government should make it plain that what is wanted is sane spending, not insane saving.

He's going ahead

Young Lord de la Warr, second in command at the Ministry of Agriculture, is pushing on his plan to get more home-grown produce used in British hotels, and several proprietors are working with him on the special committee that has been set up.

But they find the farmers are themselves largely to blame, for they won't market and grade their produce properly. So now we know.

As it should be

We often kick Government departments. In one matter, we are able to praise them.

One of 237,000 men they employ,

M.P.s Who Should Get Out

Bravest Woman of the Week



Will he lead the nations on to lasting peace?

156,000 are ex-Service men, and of those nearly fifty thousand are disabled.

If private employers did as much in proportion, there would be no destitute disabled men.

Here's the proof

We've always said it could be done.

The mining town of Kilsyth, Scotland, provides modern five-apartment houses for 6s. 4d. a week, including rates, washing machines, and even oak bedsteads. And the rates are falling.

Edinburgh Town Council has written asking for hints about how to do it. We advise other councils to do the same.

New Dartmoor scandal

We sympathise with the unfortunate Devon ratepayers who have to pay the £2,000 expenses of the Dartmoor mutiny trial. The Treasury refuses to make any grant.

The mutineers were not local malefactors. Why, then, should the cost of their misdeeds have to be borne by local residents?

Easy money

Some of the smart gentlemen in the City have discovered a new way of making money.

They offer to take over shares of the Anglo-South American Bank—which are only partly paid and have a liability of £5—for a payment of 10s. a share.

Some shareholders, disturbed by the bank's position, have agreed, only to find later that the change of share ownership has not been registered and they are still saddled with the liability, despite the money they have paid.

Bravest woman

Cumberland, famous for its sturdy folk, must be proud of Mrs. Dixon, a Kelsick woman. We are, anyway.

Going down a disused well by digging her elbows into the sides, she rescued a small boy who had fallen into the deep water at the bottom.

We wish her a speedy recovery from the injuries she received in this the pluckiest deed of the week.

Why not?

One London flying club has a weekly subscription of only 6d., tuition costs 6s. an hour, and joy-flights are as cheap as 1s.

A Chester-le-Street club hopes to make similar charges when it secures more members.

If all aero clubs did the same, Britain might really become air-minded.

it to be served, call his own name in court, take his stand as defendant and then register the fine imposed.

Later he paid the money to the jailer, received it back, and finally handed it to the Borough Treasurer!

Plausible

A man called recently at a South London house and told the occupant her son had won £30 in a football club.

But before the money could be paid, he explained, the son's arrears in subscriptions would have to be paid up, and he could not afford the time to call again. The woman gave him £2.

This is the latest street-door fraud against which readers should be on their guard.

We know him

A well-known novelist has asked our advice about Robert Seymour, of 13, Grand Parade, Brighton, "a fellow author," who has written him a mournful begging letter.

We advise him to drop Seymour's effusions into the wastepaper-basket.

So long ago as 1925 we referred to his cadging career, which had then lasted more than a quarter of a century!

Ask us

We are always willing to help.

The disability pension of a South London ex-soldier, whose case we took up a few weeks ago, has been increased from 15s. to £2 a week, while arrears amounting to £30 have also been granted.

Once again we invite readers to submit pension difficulties to our Pensions Expert for advice and assistance. A stamped, addressed envelope is all you need send with your enquiry.

Little by little

Eric Bunton, of Ashted, Surrey, is an astute schoolboy. He saw a man jump over a garden fence and return with a bag. So he followed him to Leatherhead and told the police.

With a constable, he then tracked the man to Epsom and found him in a coach just leaving for London. The recovered property was valued at £125.

Lord Trenchard must look out for Eric when he grows up.

Duty and death

We honour the memory of a young lorry-driver named Tomlinson, whose vehicle burst into flames at the top of a steep hill near Bradford.

His companion leaped off, but Tomlinson realised the risk of abandoning a heavy lorry and stuck to the steering-wheel.

When finally he rolled from his seat he was so badly burned that he died.

So it goes on

Nottingham councillors are protesting about the conditions in the city's mental hospital. It is said that there are patients in it who should be immediately discharged and allowed to return home, while many lads are housed in a disused barn.

"A damnable disgrace," cried one councillor. We have often said the same thing about the treatment of mental patients throughout the country.

Want a job?

We hear a lot about unemployed men who refuse jobs. Sometimes the jobs aren't worth having.

A young Glasgow man, offered night-work in a bakehouse, refused to work forty-six hours a week for 18s.

The baker reported him to the employment exchange for refusing work, and his "dole" has been stopped.

Law-minded

You can't stop the petty-minded from going to law.

In the only two defended cases at Bungay (Suffolk) County Court, the total sum involved was 5s. 6d.

Some people like to waste their own—and the public's—time and money.

Cur

Four months in jail is too light a punishment for a scamp like Patrick Dempsey, of Halifax.

When he was down and out, two brothers gave him, his wife and child a home. In return, he ransacked their rooms and stole their life savings of £20. At Liverpool he did a similar thing, squandering the money on another woman.

Is it surprising that some people lose their faith in human nature?

Idle juries

Day after day twelve jurors had to attend the Law Courts, though four out of five cases down for hearing had been settled or the parties failed to appear. Mr. Justice Swift expressed his "intense sorrow" for the jurors, but could do nothing.

We suggest that litigants who shirk the trial of their cases or think it better to arbitrate privately, should be made to compensate jurors thus kept unnecessarily from their business.

You never know

A motorist who recently gave a stranger a lift afterwards found he had helped a burglar to elude the police.

Now a Congleton, Cheshire, driver has innocently enabled a diphtheria patient to escape, and has had to undergo preventive treatment.

Yes, kindness doesn't always bring its own reward.

On with the motley!

Harry Wilson is a Blackpool pierrot. When a bather got into difficulties, he broke off his afternoon performance on the pier to take a header in full harlequin costume.

In saving the man's life, Harry missed his afternoon's applause. We hope he gets plenty to make up for it.

Buzzfuz

Film actors are not the only people who play many parts in quick succession.

The Windsor justices' clerk had to issue a summons against himself for allowing his chimney to catch fire, order

A WORD to the ROYAL COMMISSION

FOUR KINDS of Gambling

by CLIFFORD SHARP

IT is a great pity that we use the word "gambling" to cover so many different things. For this use inevitably leads to a complete confusion, not only of thought, but of moral judgment.

To speak, for example, of baccarat and sweepstakes in the same breath and under the same general term of condemnation is simply to confuse vice with innocence.

I suggest, for the sake of clarity of thought, the division of "gambling" roughly into four classes:

(1) Lotteries, raffles, sweepstakes, premium bonds, etc.

(2) Ordinary bridge (or other card games) played for small stakes; or an occasional half-crown "both ways" on a horse.

(3) Constant betting on horses, or bridge or poker or high stakes.

(4) Roulette, baccarat, or chemin de fer.

No. 1 I suggest is a completely innocent and indeed healthy amusement; No. 2 is normally equally innocent; No. 3 is often demoralising; and No. 4, when indulged in regularly, is vicious in nine cases out of ten—always indeed except among people who are so rich that money means nothing at all to them.

It has often been said that the harm of gambling lies in its encouragement of the desire to "get something for nothing." That is sheer nonsense.

The desire to get something for nothing is a universal human trait, and if it is vicious then it is vicious to hope for or to accept a legacy, or even to invest money in a concern with good prospects.

I would suggest a very different criterion: that gambling only begins to be vicious when it begins to be associated with passion, and especially with that mixture of fear and greed which is perhaps the basest of all human passions.

I lay stress on the word "fear," for that is the crucial point.

Base Fear . . .

IT is only when men or women begin to offer to the goddess of Fortune sacrifices that are beyond their means that the real evil of gambling arises. For it is only then that the possibility of causing serious suffering both to the gambler himself and probably to others leads to the awakening of the baseness that is fear.

I have played in many foreign casinos (and I will confess that while roulette does not interest me, chemin de fer will keep me in my seat at the table until breakfast time if I have a louis left in cash or credit and if there are enough players willing to go on).

But it was not until I played at Monte Carlo that the evil of the whole business flashed upon me. It has remained deeply impressed upon my mind ever since.

It was in the off season and only the local "regulars" were there—all foreigners, of course, since the subjects of the Prince of Monaco are not allowed to play at all.

I played roulette for two hours. I took 1,000 francs in with me and brought out precisely the same sum—a result symbolic perhaps of my own lack of interest in that particular form of gambling.

But during that two hours I had been watching the faces of my fellow-gamblers—for the most part slightly shabby, elderly women—noting the fear-full intensity of their gaze as the ball hovered between the chances of either a new coat or else no dinner to-morrow.

Once the woman on my right grabbed my

THIS article expresses the personal opinions of Mr. Clifford Sharp, the well-known publicist. We print it because it presents a new viewpoint on what is, perhaps, the most controversial question of the day

winnings from the table. I protested mildly, but she insisted that she had placed the stake.

I caught the croupier's eye and knew that he had seen and that I had only to protest to be paid—not by the woman, of course, but privately by the casino—but it was only a matter of 35 francs for a franc, so I contented myself with keeping my eye on that neighbour thereafter.

Besides, I was not particularly interested in francs that evening. What I was interested in was the profoundly evil atmosphere of that room, where for the first time I saw serious gambling dissociated from wealth and gaiety.

I return to Fear as the true criterion of vice in this matter, though apart from Fear there may, of course, exist the minor evil of demoralising obsession.

But here is the point. A very large number of ordinary people, probably a majority (I certainly include myself), are capable of developing in some degree the passion for gambling in one or other of its undesirable forms.

Therefore I for one am frankly glad that I cannot, for instance, play chemin de fer just across the road any evening I like. I must go at least as far as Dieppe, and if I take the precaution of buying my return ticket in advance I cannot come to very much harm.

So much then for the evils of gambling proper, of which I am profoundly convinced. It creates only bad emotions—almost as bad, by the way, in the winner as in the loser.

. . . and Hope, uplifting

AND now to return to sweepstakes, *et hoc genus omne*. How does this criterion apply to them?

Obviously there can be no fear whatever connected with them at all, for the money has already been paid and nobody can possibly expect to win.

Every ticket buyer has discounted his or her probable loss in advance and looks forward only to the possibility of some tremendous piece of



"Hope is entirely good for the soul"—prize-winners in an Irish sweepstake gathered together to learn their fate . . .

luck. The housewife goes cheerfully about her work for days or weeks beforehand planning the while, in her mind, all the little improvements she will make when she "gets the money," even though it be only one of the consolation prizes.

And when the disappointment comes—well, it is only a matter of a few minutes—"another five bob gone west." Besides, it came out of last month's housekeeping money, not this, and, after all, most of it has gone to the hospitals.

Here then is no slow poisoning of the soul. On the contrary, there has been a prolonged period of hope preceding the draw, and hope is entirely good for the soul.

The dominant emotion connected with real gambling is debasing Fear; the dominant emotion connected with lotteries is uplifting Hope.

Yet our moralists class the two together under a single opprobrious title, as if they were merely different forms of the same "vice"—gambling!

It is good that the average workaday man and woman should have hope in their lives. Even if the hope be but slight, yet it provides something to look forward to, some glorious gift of fortune, perhaps, that will lift them for a time, if not for ever, above the drab level of their ordinary lives.

The morally muddled

INDEED, if I were dictator, I would establish State lotteries, not so much for the purpose of raising money, as for the moral purpose of disseminating and encouraging the virtue of Hope—as well, by the way, as the virtue of Perseverance! "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

But I would not have any of the enormous prizes of the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes.

After all, a man is almost as pleased with a windfall of £100 as with one of £1,000, and the more numerous the prizes the stronger and more widespread will be the dissemination of the innocent hope of getting something for nothing—while helping the hospitals or whatever it may be.

I conclude with a very sincere hope of my own—namely, that the Royal Commission now sitting on the whole subject will not be led away by some of those essentially moral-muddled Puritans who are as blind to the real difference between Good and Evil as were the Pharisees of old.

The word gambling covers fifty quite different things. There is good gambling—if we are to call it so—as well as bad gambling.

Will the GREYHOUND



Among all the friendly, faithful, sun-loving members of the canine kingdom there is one . . .

DURING thirty delicious seconds at the White City on Saturday a brindle dog will decide the ultimate destination of a hundred thousand pounds of the public's hard-earned money.

If he should streak over the 525-yards course of the Greyhound Derby at the speed of which he is capable, the biggest flutter in the history of the sport will have succeeded, and his supporters will be able to put that huge sum back in their coffers with interest.

If not, if he should lose sight of the mechanical hare for a mere split second, or get so near to it that he is tempted to cut across towards it, or do any one of a hundred things to discount his value as the fastest dog the world has ever known, the whole hundred thousand pounds will go tumbling into the bags of the bookmakers.

Just bored

Future Cutlet is the name of this wretched dog that was spoken of three months ago as the successor to Mick the Miller, and is already acclaimed as greater even than Mick in his prime.

What manner of dog is he—this biggest favourite of the dog-racing world since the sport began?

Perhaps the most surprising thing about him is that no dog ever lived that was less anxious to be the favourite of anybody, more indifferent to the fuss of dog lovers.

For him there are the cheers of multitudes—such cheers as few human beings can command. Hundreds of his more ardent supporters sink to deceit for an opportunity to see him in his kennels. Women who have touched him speak of

it boastfully, as if they were flaunting a famous relative.

Yet in the midst of all this hero-worship he has decided that there are only four people in the world worth more than a brass button, and not even on them has he ever lavished anything more than a lick of the hand.

Future Cutlet is the cold, emotionless machine of greyhound racing. You can call him a dog without a soul. He is four-legged speed and nothing else.

He has been known to give a gentle bite at the hand of his trainer, Mr. Stewart Probert. He has bestowed little licks on his owner, Mr. W. A. Evershed. But at such rare moments as those, says his trainer, he is being gushing.

Punters who have won small fortunes by following him couldn't get as much as a voluntary touch of his cold nose if they spent all their winnings on bones.

Those who meet him daily say they have never been able to find in him the slightest trace of that love of human company, that yearning for a human touch or voice, that is supposed to belong to the dog species.

He is as cold—and agile—as quick-silver.

He seems to live only for those hectic half-minutes when, with the vast Stadium in darkness and the thin strip of course lit into a flaming green ribbon, a hare leaps up from nowhere. Not a hare that he can eat. Not a hare that he can ever catch. But a challenge to his speed, the one thing he was made for.

Then there comes to Future Cutlet just one determination. An instinct responds to the press of a bell-push. In a flash he is racing at 17 yards a second, 36 miles an hour, or, to give his clocked time, 500 yards in 28.52 seconds.

It has been said of Future Cutlet that he is brainless. The description is not a fair one. True, he is not a dog of



... utterly devoid of emotion—Future Cutlet, the dog without a soul

almost-human intelligence, like Mick the Miller. True, too, that he will not manoeuvre. Although he may never be beaten by a faster dog, he is doomed to be beaten at times by a cleverer one. But it would be unfair to deduce from this that he is completely lacking in animal sagacity.

His brain, made for speed, can only take in the one word "Run" when his

eyes flash to it the image of a hare. And run he does.

There is nothing in Future Cutlet's parentage to offer an explanation of his remarkable fleetness. And his puppyhood, of which even his trainer knows very little, does not help.

He must have been a great racer before he saw the coast of England, for Mr. A. W. Evershed bought him for £550, without seeing him, because an Irish journalist friend of his could not stop talking about this wonder dog.

They called him Jasper then, and that is the only name he will recognise to-day. Call him Future Cutlet, and it leaves him cold. As a matter of fact, he was a puppy in the kennels of a man who called every dog Jasper, just as some people will call every dog Fido.

His father's pride

There has been no dog in his family fast enough to suggest that his speed is hereditary.

Mutton Cutlet was his sire. He has had many progeny since, but none in the same street as his son Future. And of his dam, Wary Guide, the same can be said.

He was one of a litter of two, the other being his sister, Fat Mutton. It might be asked what promise she has shown. Well, apart from the fact that she ran one race and is now the mother

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Fading Lights

WHEN I have any special piece of writing to do for which I require quiet and freedom from interruption, I go to a small cottage in the country which I am allowed to use for this purpose.

There is electric light in it, made on the premises by a small petrol-engine, which, of course, is a great convenience, especially on dark, winter evenings.

But the plant has one exasperating fault. There is a bad joint somewhere, and I am not enough of a practical mechanic to know how to find and put it right. It causes a good deal of trouble—often at the moment when I am hurrying to get a page finished in time to catch the post.

What happens is this: The light will be all right for a considerable period, perhaps for months on end, and then suddenly it will fade out just as I am in the middle of a sentence, and nothing I can do will coax it back.

It will stay out for a few days or a few weeks, and then just as suddenly it will come on again, often in the middle of the morning when it is not needed.

Are not many human beings rather like this erratic electric light plant? To-day all smiles and brotherly kindness; to-

morrow grumpy, taciturn, disobliging, aloof. You cannot depend on them.

How often we are taken in by the suave manners and spontaneous cordiality of a fresh acquaintance! We think to ourselves: "This is just the man we have been waiting for; he will give us the lead we want; he has a fine spirit and plenty of friendliness and enterprise. Evidently he likes our company, too, and we feel quite cheered up by his promises of advice and co-operation."

But next time we see him! Where is the geniality of yesterday? Can this be the same person? Not a sign remains of the hearty good fellowship and competent vigour that radiated from him when we saw him last.

Where are all the fine promises and bright suggestions gone to? Not a shred of them left. In their stead a chilly and forbidding demeanour. Our friend is not thinking about us any more, and plainly wants to be rid of us. What a change! The light that shone from his personality

has vanished, leaving only darkness behind.

People of uneven temperament are never to be trusted absolutely. They may mean well, but their changes of mood are not only trying, but possibly dangerous if you commit yourself to them too far. Smiles to-day and frowns to-morrow—watch out. A man or woman of that sort will let you down.

But are we not all of that sort, more or less? Yes, we are, and seldom do we realise the harm we may be causing by it. I do not mean that we are all fickle and treacherous, nor that our alternations of feeling are always avoidable.

What I mean is that we may be carelessly and unobservantly unjust and unhelpful to those about us by visiting on them our disappointments and chagrins.

No better verdict could be passed on a man's life than to be able to say that, however dark his own road, the light of his countenance was never turned from a friend.

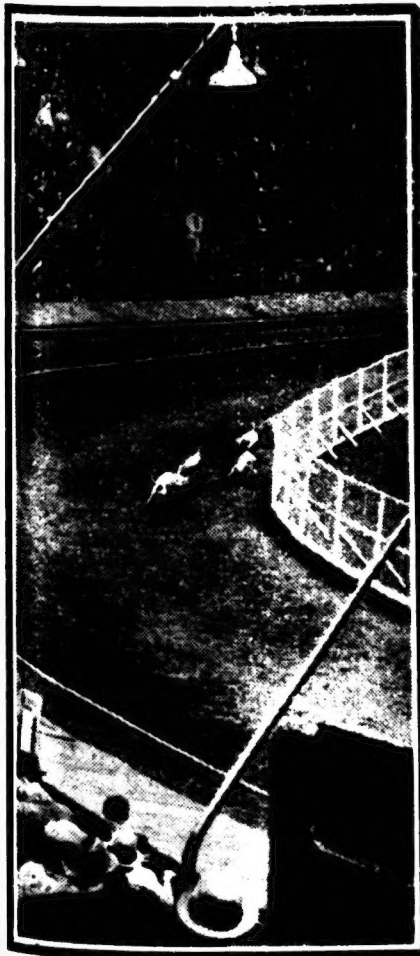
DERBY be Won by—



The DOG without a SOUL

... FUTURE CUTLET

cold, emotionless,
like a machine



of a bouncing family in Ireland, there is nothing to be said about her.

At one time in Future Cutlet's life there was a danger that he would degenerate into a family pet—degenerate being the right word from the greyhound enthusiast's point of view. But the fact that there was never a dog less like a drowsy fireside pet helped to save him from domesticity.

When they brought him to England a year ago he made friends so slowly that they had to keep his old trainer working with the new for several weeks, gradually withdrawing one from his favour and introducing the other so that he would suffer no shock to his system.

Then came success—and the inevitable photographers. Future Cutlet, disliking all outside his immediate circle, developed an intense hatred of them.

At first it was almost impossible to photograph him, and when the Greyhound Derby was only a few days ahead it was necessary, for the good of his nerves and temper, to make a no-photographing rule.

Camera fear

Reporters may go and see him sitting in his fire-proof kennel of concrete and asbestos with his kennel mate Malavogue, the pair of them behaving more like a pair of dignified old gentlemen than still-young dogs who ought to be tearing curtains. But photographers—most emphatically not.

"But I won't use a flashlight," said one rather surprised visitor who had brought a camera nearly as big as himself.

"That's not the point," said Don, the stable boy, who, despite Future Cutlet's serene and undemonstrative nature, persists in treating him as a baby. "It's cameras he hates most."

So the photographers must wait till the Derby is over. Then, if he wins, the cameras will click, and when they do Future Cutlet will have only himself to blame.

He has won his owner more than £2,500 in twelve months—an owner who,

running dogs for the sheer love of animals and the sport of racing them, refuses to back any of his dogs to the extent of a halfpenny.

What dog can avoid publicity when he forces his market value up from £550 to £3,000 in less than a year—and his owner will not accept even that figure?

Although he has yet to win a Derby and Mick the Miller won two, Future Cutlet has beaten Mick's first-year record, so he must pay the penalty of fame.

But he has not yet quite taken Mick's place in the affection of the public. No other dog will ever do that—not even a dog with the warm-heartedness and affection that Jasper lacks.

Mick was what one woman visitor called a "bundle of love"; with what everyone regarded as a human brain in a dog's body.

He was slower by fractions of a second than Future Cutlet has become, but he had generalship, second sight and course-craft to more than make up for the deficiency.

Mick, the strategist

They will tell you almost unbelievable stories of Mick's cleverness.

He never ran after the hare. The best of experts will affirm that. He ran to race, to trick, outwit, out-manceuvre, and the hare didn't matter much.

People who saw it will describe how he actually let a live rabbit, as big as a hare, nibble his food. Not only did the rabbit survive to have a family a fortnight later, but Mick had a game of pat-paw with her.

Future Cutlet just runs. If the hare is too near there is a danger that he will cut across and lose his advantage. Or, if it is too far ahead, he may either become unsighted or lose all interest.

With Mick there was never any such

danger. When he was drawn No. 4, or somewhere well away from an inside position, he would hang back to await an opening elsewhere. As soon as there was a place on the inside he would take it, and run away with the race.

And, what is more, he never won by more than he need, showing that he was dominated not so much by a desire to catch a mechanical hare as to beat and outwit the other dogs.

If he came back?

With Future Cutlet it is speed, speed, speed all the time.

With Mick it was thought, thought, thought. Now he is at stud in a rustic retreat at Dereham in Norfolk, with acres and acres of close-cropped meadows to romp over, only too delighted when he is visited by some of the thousands who once cheered him, and knowing nothing of the new star who has taken his place.

He won his owner, Mrs. A. H. Kempton, £8,685 in stake money during his three years of racing, winning thirty-six of forty-eight races and ten out of thirteen matches. And there are many who say that if he reappeared to meet Future Cutlet just once, he would add still another victory to that list.

But why worry Mick? He is quite happy in retreat. He was always something of a home dog. He loved being fussed.

But Future Cutlet is different. He is fed up with it all—the detectives who pry round corners to defeat would-be poisoners or kidnappers, the rumourists who see arson plots when tufts of hay catch fire a hundred yards from his fire-proof kennel, the sentimental people who talk "good doggie" nonsense, the photographers.

But perhaps Future Cutlet will lose on Saturday and end it all!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

UNKNOWN Heroes

TO be successful is not necessarily to be spectacular; nor are popular heroes always the greatest people. It is not always those on whom the world throws the spotlight of fame who are the most important.

People who ache to see their names in newspaper headlines should think a little more deeply about life; for we are so apt to worship the obvious, to goggle open-mouthed at what is thrust before our eyes, that we tend to ignore the existence of what we don't see.

To win the Schneider Trophy, to fly an aeroplane lone-handed to Australia or across the Atlantic, or to drive a motor-car faster than any human being has ever travelled on land before—these are great achievements and spectacular feats.

But life could not go on if we all did nothing but things like these. It is equally heroic, if less spectacular, to empty dustbins conscientiously and uncomplainingly in order to keep our towns and cities free from disease. Those who till the ground skillfully are just as much heroes.

We seldom give a thought to the countless men and women who, to-day, are keeping a home together and bringing up children decently on next to nothing a week, any more than we ever give a thought to the unselfish teamwork of mechanics and workmen whose ungrudging and skilful labours make the world's spectacular feats possible.

The world is full of successful people who daily do their duty uncomplainingly and well.

Cogs in the wheel? No one need despair because he is only a cog in the wheel—as long as he is a good cog. What use would the wheel be without its cogs?

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to LORD ROTHERMERE



OFF with Your Hungarian Dance!

years, we saw no more of you. Then you returned to Fleet Street. So we think about you sometimes—but not quite the same things.

sonification of all that stands for Self, now and then you show unusual qualities of sympathy that make everybody wonder.

There is this Hungary business that puzzles us all. . . .

Now, you run a great newspaper machine avowedly with the aim of making money, never suggesting any other objective. You worship Success, and you delight in your own.

You have tried to be a Northcliffe. He passed on ten years

ago next August. But he was a journalist, and you are a Business Man. He could get outside himself now and then. You can't. Sometimes he had great vision.

I never knew how great a man he was until you came along. For, at least, he was sometimes right. He was interesting. He was alive. You are phlegmatic. He had a way with him. You have a way with other people. In fact, no two brothers were ever so unlike.

I remember you thirty years ago as "Mr. Harold." Then, you had a small room on the first floor of the *Daily Mail* with only one secretary. "Mr. Alfred" was the big noise. You counted the change. Then you retired to accept a baronetcy from the Liberals and, for

Why all this nonsense about Hungary? Every now and then, for some years, the unfortunate British public has had inflicted upon it articles, bearing your name, in which you demand that the League of Nations shall do for Hungary something about which this country does not care twopence.

You talk about "dismembered Hungary." What about dismembered England?

Its educational schemes are being murdered. Its best aspirations are being trodden on. Its idealism is being misrepresented.

Our own country is being dismembered by rapacious jerrybuilders, and its beauties are disappearing, and yet you helped to kill the Town Planning Bill. Yet you paid to save the Foundling Hospital site for London. You have helped to dismember our social services. Yet you saved the Bedlam site, with your own money.

Because you left school when you were fourteen, you think everybody else should do so.

Hungary's enthusiasm over your crusade was, a few years ago, ludicrous.

Your son went there and was received as though Joan of Arc had just come back. They decorated him with roses, and screamed, and yelled, and played the gipsy bands. And you filled your

newspapers with pages of photographs of him, and were as pleased as though he had just won, at the school sports the prize for eating the treacle bun.

Indeed, they offered you the kingdom of Hungary. I wish you had accepted it. Ruritania ought to come true, some times.

But why keep on with this lunacy about Hungary? Do you not know that until the Treaty of Versailles is rewritten in every word, the world's chaos will go on.

"The World's Trade Tangle," the *Daily Mail* says at the top of a leading article next to your latest screech about Hungary. "Trade throughout the world is crumbling," it says, frankly admitting a decline in British exports as compared with last year and a rise in imports.

Your newspapers are largely responsible for the world's tangle, because they ruthlessly opposed world settlement when most easily it could have been achieved.

They helped to create the very situation which now you deplore.

Fortunately, they destroy much of the power they otherwise would have by pausing from pursuing such crusades as young Hungarian adventure in order to boost little comedies like "The Gay Adventure" at the Whitehall Theatre.

For a month, your newspapers boasted that play until everybody laughed. Because Seymour Hicks, finding business bad, asked you to help him, you, with good nature, did so. But you overdid it.

You cannot have "The Gay Adventure" one day, and a Hungary the next.

When the whole of London laughs because one of your papers said "The Gay Adventure" was so funny that people passing on the omnibuses could hear the laughter inside the theatre, forgetting that, if they could hear the laughter outside, the people in the theatre could hear the omnibuses—well, it became so silly that who cares what you say about Hungary, or education, or housing, or public health?

Not even a newspaper proprietor can have it both ways, even when he takes it.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,
Bishopthorpe, York

YOUR GRACE,—I like the Christian spirit of your plan to use a derelict church in York as a training centre for the unemployed.

The building could be put to no more worthy use.

To help to preserve the moral and physical health of the workless will be, as you say, "honouring the Lord."

JOHN BULL.

BARON HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice

MY LORD,—You ably lived up to your official title by drawing attention to a grave legal scandal.

Time after time, you pointed out, you have criticised the practice of allowing a second charge against a prisoner to be suspended, so that he may be re-arrested at the expiration of his sentence and tried for the second offence.

You want to know the reason for such a proceeding. If there is one, it is difficult to find. In any case, this blot on our legal system must be removed.

JOHN BULL.

Major ERNEST MATTHEWS,
Slough, Buckinghamshire

DEAR SIR,—You richly merited your fine of £40 and £10 costs for offering a bribe to a builder's clerk for information you required in your work as a town council official.

No matter what the purpose was, you should have known that bribery is an offence which is especially reprehensible in a public official. Fortunately, such

cases as yours are rare, and Britain may still pride itself on having the cleanest administration in the world.

JOHN BULL.

STANLEY WILLIAMS,
Huddersfield

FOOL,—For tipping a park seat backwards, so that a young woman fell and hurt herself, you have been fined 25s. and costs.

Once you served two months' imprisonment for blowing "electric snuff" in a bus-driver's face, and several times you have borrowed cars for joy-riding, in one case doing damage to the extent of £37. I like jokes, but idiotic pranks like yours deserve the scorn of every sensible person. Can't you grow up?

JOHN BULL.

PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES:
I don't think it cricket for you to expect us pay for entire war off our own bat. But you won't understand, so shall declare innings closed.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman W. HAMMOND,
Glamorgan County Council

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Thanks for your vigorous protest against the proposal to make Glamorgan police constables serve five years before marrying instead of three, as at present.

As you say, such schemes treat men as though they were animals.

The age at which grown men should marry is a problem for themselves only. That employers and public officials should lay down hard and fast rules on the matter is an impertinence that cannot be tolerated.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor C. H. PARSONS,
Ashby-de-la-Zouch

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you successfully opposed a plan to erect council houses within a hundred yards of the town's refuse tip and near the sewage pump.

I wonder if the proposers of the scheme would live in such unhealthy surroundings themselves?

JOHN BULL.

REGISTRAR-GENERAL: You should consult income-tax colleague about latest record low birth-rate. The birth-rate will continue to fall so long as income-tax goes up.—JOHN BULL.

Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE,
London, S.W.

DEAR SIR JAMES,—Steady! You'll be getting into trouble with the temperance folk unless you are more guarded in your public statements, though perhaps they'll forgive you as you are now ninety-two and Britain's oldest medical specialist.

You say that alcohol is a true food, affords relaxation and helps us to bear troubles. I have always thought so myself if it is taken in moderation.

May you long be able to swallow your own "medicine."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE BOOTH,
Shoolhill, Aberdeen

DEAR GEORGE,—Wading over treacherous sands with waves up to your chest, you rescued a boy who had sunk twice

and was being carried out to sea by strong currents.

Then you ran half a mile for help, and after seven hours the boy was restored to consciousness.

You are only a young apprentice yourself. You've certainly proved your pluck and promptitude.

JOHN BULL.

THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Coventry

GENTLEMEN,—Have you forgotten that religious and political liberty are among Britain's most cherished possessions?

Because a woman teacher—a Quaker—declined on conscientious grounds to take part in Empire Day celebrations she has been dismissed.

I demand her immediate reinstatement.

JOHN BULL.

MINISTER OF PENSIONS: Glad to have your assurance that reduction of war pensions is not being considered by Government. Why not extend the assurance to cover future policy?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS C. BROWN,
Brighton

DEAR BROWN,—Brighton police have shown their practical appreciation of your bravery in helping a constable who was struggling with a dangerous criminal by presenting you with a wallet of notes.

As you are unemployed, I trust a job will follow as a further reward.

JOHN BULL.

The TRUTH is—

I VENTURE to commend the idea of Dr. W. M. Irwin to the statesmen who, at Lausanne and Geneva, are engaged in trying to salvage the wreck that the War and the Peace have made of the world.

Dr. Irwin is the vicar of Duffield, the residential suburb of Derby, and he is inaugurating a "Truth Day" in his parish. He has chosen June 24 for it because the collect for that day bids the faithful constantly to speak the truth.

The vicar does not, of course, want his flock to speak "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" on only one day of the year. He wants them to do it every day, but he thinks that if we established a festival of Truth-telling the habit would spread, and in time we should become as veracious as George Washington is supposed to have been. We should all say "Yes, father, I alone did it," like perfect little heroes.

I shall not lie

It is an ingenious idea and I propose to keep the festival myself on the 24th. I propose to see whether I can get through a day without a suspicion of an untruth coming from me, either in word, or inflection, or deed, or the lift of an eyebrow.

For we can lie in all sorts of ways, and few of us are guiltless. We tell big lies and little lies, half-lies and whole lies, white lies and black lies, blunt lies and diplomatic lies.

Sometimes we lie because we are afraid to tell the truth and sometimes we lie because we are paid not to tell the truth.

War, said Napoleon, breeds lies as the earth breeds worms, and though the lies of peace are less gross they are

probably more numerous. They are numerous in all conditions and nowhere more abundant than in the world of affairs.

Political life is saturated with the lying habit, and diplomacy in the past has been little more than the science of lying.

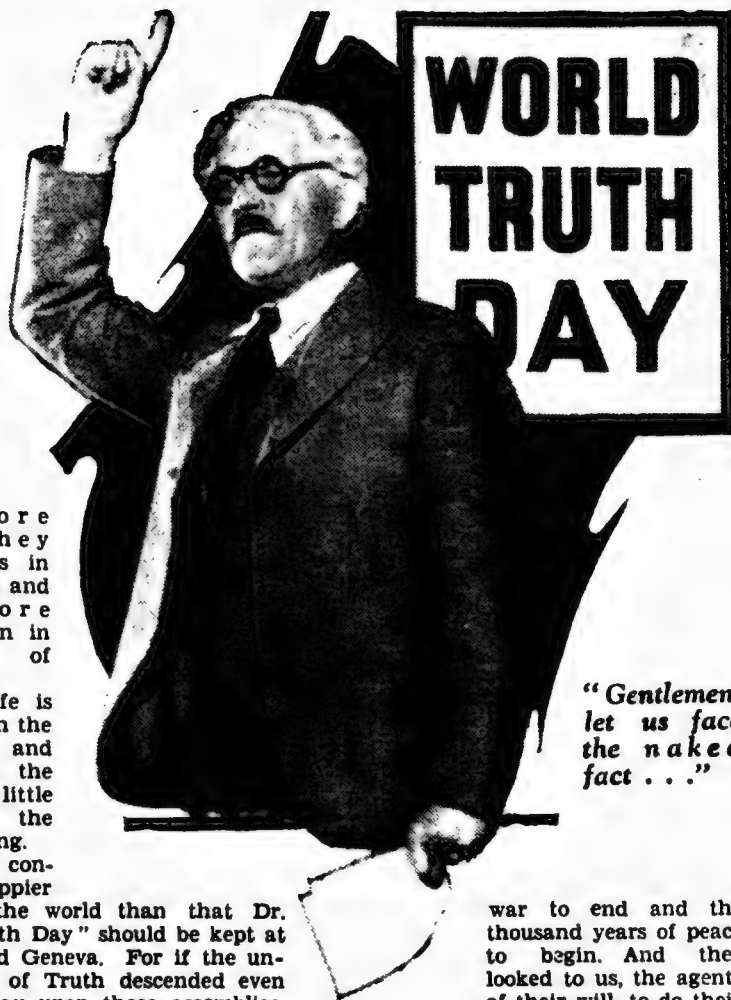
And I can conceive no happier augury for the world than that Dr. Irwin's "Truth Day" should be kept at Lausanne and Geneva. For if the unsullied spirit of Truth descended even only for a day upon those assemblies, the Dove of Peace would not be very far behind.

I can imagine Mr. MacDonald, inspired by that spirit, rising in his place and saying, not the conventional banalities, but something like this:

"Gentlemen, let us face the naked fact. We, the statesmen of the leading nations of the world, are here to-day in the dock. We are the criminals. We, and those who have preceded us during the past twelve years in the offices we hold, are responsible for having brought the world to the desperate state in which civilisation itself is tottering.

"After the War there was only one passionate desire in the hearts of the people of every land. It was the desire that the terrible curse that had laid waste the structure of human society, sacrificed ten millions of the bravest and best of the earth's young manhood and mutilated twenty millions more, should be lifted from it for ever.

"They wanted the thousand years of



"Gentlemen, let us face the naked fact..."

war to end and the thousand years of peace to begin. And they looked to us, the agents of their will, to do their bidding.

"Have we fulfilled the commission? Has the curse been lifted? Has peace been established? Are the peoples of the world more secure, more happy?

"You know the answer. There is no peace. The shadow of the sword is still over us. Europe is a powder magazine. Its armaments are more terrible than ever before in history.

All confidence gone

"We, the English, and the Americans are building great battleships—against whom? You, the French, and you, the Italians, are building myriads of battle planes and submarines—against whom? You, the Japanese, have outraged every human and divine law by making unprovoked war on and plundering the territory of a nation whose integrity you have sworn to respect.

"Everywhere we turn, nation is armed

against nation—if not with guns, then with tariffs.

"And the result is before us in an economic catastrophe to which history has no parallel. Bankruptcy is universal. Revolution is universal. Trade is perishing and twenty millions of unemployed walk the streets of our cities. Confidence is dead and paralysis is over all the activities of men.

"And the sin is ours. It is the statesmen, and not the peoples, who have wrecked civilisation. It is we who have betrayed humanity, with our infamous peace treaties, our hundred sham conferences at which we have spoken smooth lies to each other, our national selfishness, our efforts to get rich by making others poor and all the network of diplomatic cardsharpping in which we have spent the twelve precious years since the war.

"Lay down your arms"

"Now the catastrophe is here. We can still save the ship. But we can only save it by ceasing to lie and facing the truth. We cannot save it in parts. We can only save it as a whole. We sink together or swim together. The world is one and will live or perish as one.

"Raze out the past. Rise to the great argument of humanity. Lay down your arms. Cleanse the slate of the reparations and war debts that are strangling the trade by which we all live. Lower your tariffs and let the current of commerce flow again to irrigate the parched and dying world.

"Nothing short of this will avert the doom. In the name of my country, I offer to do this. Who follows?"

And in this spirit of "Truth Day," I see one after another of the delegates going to the penitent form and confessing with shame their share in betraying the hopes of humanity.

M. Herriot will tell how France has wrecked those hopes by working to substitute a French military despotism of Europe for the dethroned German despotism. He will expiate the infamy of the Ruhr invasion of M. Poincaré.

He will lament the conferences which France has torpedoed. He will acknowledge that in enveloping disarmed Germany with bayonets for twelve years France has reduced Central Europe to chaos and infected the world with financial ruin.

And he will admit that with all her armaments and all her gold, France is discovering that she cannot escape the infection.

The French budget, he will say, is unbalanced and French exports have fallen by forty millions sterling in the first five months of this year. And he will cry: "Trade! Trade! Give us back our world trade!"

America's sin

And if Mr. Stimson were there he would stand in a white sheet for America. "Our sin is great," he would say. "Indeed, we are the chief of sinners. For did we not desert the League of Nations? Did we not think that we could grow rich while the rest of the world was reduced to beggary? And now, behold, have we not crashed from our giddy prosperity to a misery that seems unfathomable?"

And from him, too, would come the cry: "Give us back our trade or we perish."

There would be others. What a tale of rascality would Japan have to tell in the confessional, if she spoke the truth about Manchuria and Shanghai.

Yes, a "Truth Day" at Lausanne would be a thrilling experience. It will have to come some day. Let us pray it will not be delayed until it is simply an obituary on a wrecked civilisation.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—Lord Banbury Regrets that

Britons will Never be Slaves

ALTHOUGH I am eighty-one years of age, that is nothing at all. When one sits in the House of Peers,

Where Age spreads its heavy-weight pall, And members of sixty who venture to speak, "Young puppies" are dubbed, and condemned for their "cheek."

Although on my means I can live, Nobody can say that I shirk Hard labour, since lectures I give Extolling the beauties of work. Thus, constantly mindful of duty, I try hard To keep my repute as the doughtiest Die Hard!

In my House of Commons days my die-hardhood became a joke even among the Tories. So I had no regrets when I was translated to what is sometimes disreputably called the House of Gauds.

Here I am able to say what I wish to say without being interrupted by jarring accents from the Clyde. So I went the complete hog in opposing an amendment to the Children's Bill empowering local authorities to make by-laws regulating the employment of juveniles as van-boys, errand-boys and messengers.

I lost no time in pointing out: "There

has been too great a desire on the part of the young to have a good time and go to clubs and other places where they only get into mischief. Hard work is the best thing for young people."

Unfortunately, even in the House of Lords, there is much soppy sentiment in favour of the idle poor. Lord Gainford declared that it is "monstrous" that children under eighteen should not be protected from having to work as much as ninety hours a week, and the Archbishop of York actually spoke in a similar strain.

When men in prominent positions talk like this, I yearn for the good old days when we used to sing (especially those of us who were not expected to translate the ditty into deeds), "Work, boys, work and be contented, if you only have enough to buy a meal."

Nowadays the view seems to be that boys—even quite young boys—should not work for less than enough to buy three meals! And even then they want something over, to squander at clubs!

Clubs—I am not, of course, referring to gentlemen's clubs, but to what I might call shirking-men's clubs—are the curse of the country, for they engender in young people a passion for luxury and the pursuit of pleasure.

This is why I contend that, for the

working-class, work is the best spare-time hobby. The more hours they work the fewer they have to devote to riotous living.

As I reminded my fellow-peers, Lord Inchcape is alleged to have worked ten hours a day and more at the age of sixteen, and we all know what was the result.

If all day and half the night You but work with main and might With the object of accumulating pelf, And from pleasure aye refrain, Then vast riches you will gain— Either for your kind employer or yourself.

But if clubward you should run When your eight-hour spell is done, And consider that you now have time to spare

For pleasure; then you may Live to be a man some day— But you certainly won't be a millionaire.

And you need not sniff and sneer, Calling me a "wealthy" peer, For I'm nothing of the kind. . . . What's that you ask?

"If I worked so hard myself, Why don't I now roll in pelf?" No cheek, my lad! You get on with your task!

SUMMER

is a

Wretched Time

for a dog *out of*
Condition



One of the Dog's Hot Weather Miseries

When a clean dog scratches himself continually it is a sure sign that his blood is impure, and scratching is the only relief he can get from the terrible prickly irritation under his skin. There is only one way to give your dog relief if he is scratching, now that the weather is warmer, and that is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which completely purify the blood and tone up the whole system.

DURING moments when your dog's companionship has stood between you and loneliness, have you ever paused to consider the price your dog pays for staying with you now, instead of following his natural instinct?

In the days before dogs joined man's family circle, they avoided hot, sultry weather by roaming and by keeping to cool, leafy places while the sun was high. They did this because Nature has given them no protection against heat; no safety-valve against overheating. Their skin is non-porous, and they cannot regulate the heat of their bodies by perspiring. On every hot and sultry day they must meekly suffer the discomfort of overheating.

*This
Summer*
provide your
dog with

If you keep your dog in good condition by providing him with a blood corrective, overheating will not be dangerous, for his blood will return to normal in the cool of the evening. But if your dog is not conditioned—if food impurities have been allowed to collect in his blood—every overheating will aggravate these impurities and soon your dog will have to suffer the blood ailments which have come to be known as the dog's hot-weather miseries.

There is no need for your dog to suffer in this way. You can keep his blood perfectly pure by providing him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood and tone up and refresh the whole system. A dog conditioned by Bob Martin's Condition Powders will remain fresh and fit through months of overheating, yet without this vital blood corrective he cannot possibly withstand the strain of living in conditions that are not really natural to him. At best, he can be only half-healthy, and his poor condition will show itself by one of the following blood ailments:—

LOSS OF APPETITE

CONTINUAL SCRATCHING

LISTLESSNESS

LOOSE COAT

ECZEMA

SWELLINGS between the TOES.

Every one of these blood ailments can easily be prevented, and also cured, by Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

If your dog's happiness means anything to you, provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders now. In less than 10 days you will be amazed at these differences which condition makes to him.

*sharper appetite

*clearer eyes

*jaunty step

*happier manner

And in a few more days you will see the biggest difference of all, for his coat will begin to take on that beautiful "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest sign of pure blood.

Your nearest dog biscuit shop, chemist and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders, and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.



Bob Martin's Condition Powders are quite tasteless and can be given with food, in milk or dry on the tongue.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

*and spare him the misery
of overheated blood*

A MAD Treasure Hunt



George Williams and Lieutenant Kealey in their ship cabin discuss with newspaper reporters their quest in search of Benito's hidden hoard

WHAT has happened to the little band of "explorers" who, in the early spring of 1926, sailed for the Cocos Islands, in the heart of the Pacific, in quest of treasure supposed to be buried there, and said to be worth millions of pounds?

Although their departure was preceded by a most grandiloquent publicity campaign, the general public long ago forgot them.

But there are thousands of people who remember them still, and they are not so much interested now in hunting for treasure as in hunting the treasure hunters.

That is because, induced by extravagant promises of huge profits, they put up between them many thousands of pounds to finance the scheme.

Most of these investors have, for years, heard nothing further of the expedition, but now, during the past few days, news has reached them with dramatic suddenness.

Piles of circulars, signed by the chief promoter—Lieutenant F. W. Kealey, of 36, Pembury Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex—have been despatched, out of the blue, as it were, all over the country.

But the "news" is not of the kind so anxiously awaited. The circulars, in fact, couched as they are in the most flamboyant terms, constitute the most impertinent appeal for money we have come across for a long time.

Aladdin outdone

Six years ago, when Lieutenant Kealey, from well-appointed offices in Piccadilly, London, made his first appeal for funds to the investing public, he told a story which now, in the light of subsequent events, puts such romantic figures as Ali Baba and Aladdin in the shade.

Lieutenant Kealey, aided principally by another ex-naval lieutenant named George Williams, and a man named Lionel Lucas, told the public that, after years of exhaustive research, he was in possession of "exclusive information" and "definite proof" that £7,000,000 worth of treasures was to be discovered in uninhabited lands within 500 miles of Panama.

Kealey predicted unprecedented profits. He estimated £50 for every £1 invested.

He was so confident of the authenticity and accuracy of his documents and records that he hoped to be back, complete with the treasure, within a period of six months to celebrate his "victory."

Added weight was given to the scheme by Lieutenant Kealey's naval record, his relationship to a famous Polar explorer, and the fact that he and his colleagues were in possession of an invention which, worked with a gold needle that responded only to gold, would be invaluable in the expedition's work.

He told triumphantly how, with the aid of yet another invention, he had "discovered" three shillings-worth of coppers buried in a London garden—

though, as they had been specially placed there for the purpose, the "test" wasn't of much value.

Anyhow, he is still trying to locate the vast riches of the Cocos Islands, supposedly put there, it must be remembered, over 100 years ago by somebody else!

The British Broadcasting Company even secured him further publicity by permitting him to "talk" about his expedition, and, when he departed for the Pacific Isles, he had raised between £35,000 and £40,000 from aspiring fortune-seekers.

Found! but—

The six months passed, but Lieutenant Kealey, R.N., did not bring back the treasure with him.

But certain persons who had invested were approached and told that they should congratulate themselves on their good fortune, as treasure had been discovered.

There were "gold ornaments, emeralds set in an azure sea," and so on. . . . However, more money was needed to enable Lieutenant Kealey to carry on his treasure-seeking.

But, as time went on, Kealey found himself faced with countless difficulties. Spoof charts and spurious documents came to light, and it was found that the pirates who originally buried the treasure had worked with great cunning!

A gentleman called "Benito of the Bloody Sword" was apparently the real villain. From 1819 onwards he and his band of pirates secreted, in a place called Isla de Santa Cruz, a vast plunder which was later added to by his associates.

Unfortunately, all those who knew of the hiding-place died subsequently in a sea battle. The secret, therefore, died with them.

Thus, Lieutenant Kealey, confronted with fresh difficulties every day, struggled on.

Wandering about wearing head-

phones and a contraption which, "tuned in" to metal stakes stuck into the ground, was supposed to emit a certain sound when metal was near, he and his associates must have looked strange indeed.

But Kealey, with his little gold needle, refused to give in. He was on the right track, he said, despite everything.

In a quest for treasure there is always a snag of snags. In this case, it is a cavern, miles below the surface of the sea, where our lieutenant *knows* the treasure is buried. That cavern he has yet to locate!

One can imagine him studying again and again his secret chart which is supposed to "show him the way."

He hopes on

"Enter the cave on right," it says, "150 paces from slab rock. . . . Wade through pools. . . find ledge of rock left of hole in roof. . . . There find the boxes covered by sand and by the wood of trees. . . . Then the treasure!"

Rather vague, you say? Lieutenant Kealey doesn't think so. Though his priceless documents have so far only served as time wasters, he doesn't mind.

He is back in England now. He has nothing tangible to show for the colossal sums of money already invested in his scheme; but he is the last man apparently to lose hope.

So he has just issued the circular we referred to at the beginning of this article, and, after apologising for not having written to investors for such a

long time, announces that he is about to take another expedition to the Cocos Islands.

He tells the world that he has got trustworthy men, scientific equipment, and definite information as to the whereabouts of the treasure "for the first time since he began." Yet, according to previous literature, he had all that before!

Stale story

He is more hopeful than he ever was. The original £7,000,000 sought 'neath the sea has now jumped up to £12,000,000. And, to enable him to return to get it, he asks for more money, and thoughtfully encloses a printed agreement form.

This is to be filled in and returned with as much subscription as the recipient can afford.

His appeal should be ignored.

In the region of the Cocos Islands the story of Benito's hidden hoard must by this time be getting a trifle stale.

Many other expeditions have, like Kealey's, returned empty-handed, but it is of significance that in his connection the public money spent has, nevertheless, enabled the promoters and crew to enjoy that particular kind of adventurous life that appeals to them—though many people believe that the prolongation of their investigations is futile.

Reminiscent words

There is another reason which makes us wonder why it should be necessary to raise funds by appealing to original investors again.

When Kealey left on his first voyage he was to make a film of the whole business; every phase of it was to be included. The rights of the film, indeed, are supposed to have been disposed of long ago.

If all his adventures and privations in a land covered with thick jungle are half as interesting as they are stated to be—with the romantic atmosphere of "Benito of the Bloody Sword," and of pirates, buccaneers and filibusters thrown in—the film could surely be the means of raising money at this moment.

"This is the last stage of my operations," avers Kealey of the Golden Word. "I hope," he says, "to be back in six months to reap the reward of years of work."

What reminiscent words! He said precisely the same thing six years ago.

£1,000 from a CROSSWORD

MRS. MAGGIE MARY SMITH, 57, South Street, Andover, was the only competitor to send in an all-correct solution for the Crossword Competition No. 167, and is thus entitled to JOHN BULL's £1,000 prize. Mrs. Smith had already received the intimation of her success and had got over the first flush of excitement of the prospect of a substantial bank balance when our representative called, but there was no mistaking the fact that her good fortune was a matter of great satisfaction to her—and surprise.

"The news of my success came just five and a half months after our wedding. Before I was married I had never competed, but my husband had been trying for a much longer time. Since then we

PARTNERSHIP

have both been sending in attempts, and fortune has come our way early.

"We both make out our Crosswords—doing them quite separately—and then compare the results. After selecting what we think are the most appropriate, we send in our attempts."

"Have you any plans what you propose to do with the money?" our representative asked.

"No," she replied, "except that it will be taken care of for a rainy day if it arrives. We shall not spend it recklessly. There is some satisfaction in feeling you have something in the shape of £ s. d. behind you."

Turn to page 32, fill in the magic squares, and you may soon be enjoying an income of £2 a week for life as your reward for solving this week's amusing Crossword.

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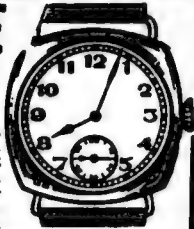
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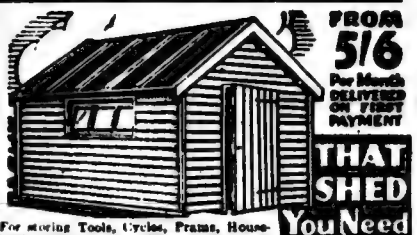
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Savage Sentence on Children...

JUDGES to-day are taking firm steps with the hardened bandits of crime. They are ordering them the birch, in addition to imprisonment.

We do not, however, endorse the action of certain magistrates—Justices of the Peace who sit on the Bench solely by virtue of the fact that they are prominent citizens in their respective localities, but have no legal knowledge or training at all—in ordering the birch to be used on young children when they are first offenders.

Details of a dreadful case have reached us from Sunderland.

It concerns three young sons of local rate-payers, who were recently compelled to undergo an experience that would never have happened had a magistrate who was also a lawyer sat on the Bench.

The "crime" and—

The lay magistrates concerned are Father J. O'Dwyer, the Roman Catholic Rector of Millfield (Durham), and Mr. S. P. Richardson, J.P., both of the Sunderland County Petty Sessional Court.

The three children, two aged eleven and one ten, entered a shop in Sunderland and stole some ginger-beer essence.

They were caught red-handed, and the bulk of the "booty" was recovered.

The value of the liquid they consumed was sixpence.

The young "bandits" were arrested and brought before Mr. Richardson and Father O'Dwyer at the Sunderland Juvenile Court.

After a brief hearing—the charge was of such a slight character that any lengthy legal discussion was naturally out of the question—these naughty children were found guilty.

In a stipendiary magistrates' court they would almost certainly have been bound over, or fined a small sum, for until they took the ginger-beer essence they had the cleanest of characters—not the smallest atom of reproach could have been levelled against any one of them.

But the two J.P.s felt it their duty to put down "crime"! Criminals in their opinion are apparently manufactured through such heinous offences as stealing a few bottles of ginger-pop.

So, in a hushed and silent court, they



Will the Rev. Father O'Dwyer be asked to give an explanation?

ordered the little lads to be taken to an inner chamber to be each given six strokes of the birch. Women fainted.

The three children were led away by their stalwart escorts in blue for the punishment to be meted out to them under the supervision of the jailer.

—the punishment

They were stripped, and, in turn, laid over a wooden horse. One by one the strokes fell on their little naked bodies, while eight policemen stood in the cell to witness the poignant scene.

Still, the magistrates felt that they must stamp out "crime," even if the wrong-doing arises out of a boyish prank—as one of the magistrates has since admitted that it did.

"The thought of the suffering my child has since endured won't let me sleep," said the father of one of the little offenders. "I certainly think that a caution would have met the case."

Birched BOYS SCANDAL

The three children, dispensed justice in this case by fining the youth £1 and placing his younger accomplice on probation!

Justice, when meted out like this, is not justice at all.

Is this justice?

We agree with the views of our readers, who have asked us to take up the matter, that these two magistrates are deserving of the public censure they are now getting.

They promulgated a savage sentence on three young first offenders for what was, in all the circumstances, a slight offence.

The punishment was thoroughly unjustified.

What does the Home Secretary think about it all?

BREAKER— not Broker

MR. A. CLIFFORD ASPINALL, "Oil Royalty Broker," of Finsbury Pavement House, London, E.C.2, has informed one of our readers that he requires a representative to "follow up enquiries; introduce to persons of good social position the subject of oil royalties, which constitute an unrivalled investment showing exceptional returns and security."

Our reader then heard from a J. J. Johnson, of Mid-West Royalties Ltd., operating from the same address as Mr. Aspinall. Mid-West Royalties' letter-heading shows that Mr. Aspinall is a director of the concern.

Mr. Johnson mentioned that Mr. Aspinall had passed on our reader's name to him, and suggests that the leaflets he encloses would no doubt prove of interest.

Therein it is suggested that it is comparatively easy for a representative to find subscribers to invest their money in oil royalties in connection with properties in the United States.

The bait is "a well-secured investment showing a minimum definite return of over 20 per cent. per annum, with probabilities of considerable increase."

Our reader remarks that there should be no need for a representative in connection with an investment bringing in 20 per cent. We certainly agree.

A royalty, as a matter of truth, is a very foolish speculation for small investors, and, as such, should be ignored. Is it conceivable that a safe 20 per cent. would be touted in this way? The whole thing is speculative to a degree, and small investors should take warning that they embark on troubled waters if they interest themselves in this so-called "well-secured" oil investment.

Incidentally, the suggestion that there is the possibility of considerable increase in the returns is interesting. It was surely made with someone's tongue in his cheek!

Mr. Aspinall describes himself as a broker. If he obtains any clients for this venture the description of "breaker" may eventually be more fitting to his line of business.

THIS BELL Rings CASH!

MANY of us know of the saddling bell at Epsom on race days, but here is an Epsom Bell of another variety—Joseph Bell, who describes himself as managing director of Messrs. Bell, Ltd., Bloodstock Breeders, of Epsom.

He called recently at a first-class hotel in York, signed the register as "Jos. Bell," of Epsom, and, taking rooms there, speedily made himself friendly with the manager.

Bell is a very pleasing, plausible fellow whose attire does credit to the tailor's art and impresses people of his good taste and standing as a successful business man.

In the course of conversation with the manager he showed that gentleman certain literature, and casually remarked that he had come North to arrange the purchase and transport of several mares for his Epsom farm.

He mentioned the name of a well-known northern farmer—a man who has the reputation in Yorkshire of dealing only with first-class clients—as one with whom he was to do business.

The manager was impressed. On subsequent occasions, Mr. Joseph Bell left the hotel, and, on returning at night,

stated that he had been visiting stables and other sporting quarters.

Frequenters of the hotel got to know Mr. Bell; he was liked, and some of them went racing with him. He professed to be acquainted with certain trainers who had horses running, having bought blood mares from them. He also went so far as to give tips which he said was special information he had received from them!

Thus Bell wrung cash from people at the hotel. Here is an example of his cleverness in obtaining it.

He induced a man to drive him from York to Kelso Races. Half-way to Kelso he got out of the car on the pretence

The Uncanny Unveiled

ASTONISHING facts about the "Unseen World" are revealed in to-morrow's issue of the *Passing Show*.

A warning, said to have saved the life of the late Sir Henry Segrave, which was given by the spirit of an equally famous motor racer who had crashed to death, is only one of the remarkable incidents described in the latest number of this popular weekly—on sale everywhere to-morrow.

that they were not on the right road, and went to take his bearings.

He returned to the car from the opposite direction. When asked where he had been he said that, in addition to enquiring as to their whereabouts, he had been sending a telegram to his bookmaker making a bet on a horse he fancied.

Arriving at Kelso, he asked to be put down before arriving at the racecourse, as he had an appointment with a trainer who had a horse running in the first race.

He has not been seen since.

The driver of the car, however, received a rude shock when later he found that his wife had wired £25 to a hotel in Kelso, which she said was in response to a telegram her husband had sent her.

That telegram was the one Bell sent when away from the car, which he had said was a betting telegram to his bookmaker!

Joseph Bell has repeated the trick all over England, and is one of the most "wanted" men at large to-day.

He is an international crook who, for fraud, has seen the inside of prisons.

For months Scotland Yard has been after him for various offences.



The Golfer is
handicapped—
without his



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In the DEPTHS of Despair

THERE comes a time in the lives of all of us when we are suddenly plunged into the deepest depths of despair. Look where we may, we see no rift in the clouds—no hand outstretched to help us.

What a blessing it would be to realise in life's darkest hour that there was a friend in the background all the time, eager to soften the blow through the most practical help of all—that JOHN BULL through the medium of its Great Free Insurance Gift, was only too willing to come to our aid!

Tens of thousands of readers have found this to be true.

For example, one whose precious possessions were destroyed in a disastrous fire, writes: "I have been hit very hard indeed, but thanks to your timely aid, I can now see the silver lining to the cloud."

A flood victim writes: "I cannot say how thankful I am for your cheque. To receive help in such straightforward manner when one is in distress is a godsend."

A Walsall reader writes: "Without your help, our future would have appeared hopeless."

Evidence could be piled on evidence to show what a great boon and blessing JOHN BULL's Free Insurance is proving day by day, year after year.

A spark is sufficient to set your house ablaze: floods may create havoc; sickness or accident may strike you down. Are you covered? Have you signed the registration forms?

HOLIDAYS.—Readers will remain qualified for all benefits whilst on holiday in Great Britain, Channel Islands or the Isle of Man. The only condition is that in case of a claim arising, it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence delivery immediately on their return.



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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent
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Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Age

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Name and Address
of Newsagent

Date

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A
certificate setting out the full benefits and
conditions and certifying registration will be
sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is
enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE
CLEARLY.
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SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

investigates the activities of—

SIX Strange MEN



From Piccadilly six mysterious gentlemen make their glamorous proposals. "In my opinion," says Sir Wyndham, "the whole thing is a snare."

A FORTNIGHT ago I turned the limelight of publicity upon a man named W. Tudor Williams, of 199, Piccadilly, London, W., who was seeking investors in a ridiculous scheme.

Mr. Tudor Williams, whom I revealed as a notorious character in financial circles, grandly proposed to run an exhibition ship round the world, in order to foster British trade. He offered men without any qualifications, save money to invest, secretarial positions in return for their cash.

Information which has since reached me, and which I have had carefully investigated, convinces me that I then dealt only with the fringe of a stupendous ramp.

The exhibition ship venture, indeed, is only one of many preposterous schemes being promoted from the Piccadilly address, where at least five strange men, apart from Mr. Williams, are jointly operating.

The cloak under which he and the others operate is an organisation called the National Development Trust, Ltd.

The registered directors of this con-

cern, according to official records at Somerset House and the Trust's literature, are the Rt. Hon. Lord Lisle and two men named J. Laurillard and G. Laidlaw-Smith.

I must make it clear that Lord Lisle and Laurillard, though named as directors cannot realise the true character of the Trust's astounding activities.

This Trust was formed with the loftiest ideals. In its own language, its aim was "to operate as a British industrial issuing house and investment banking institution."

Its unsolicited circulars and private and confidential leaflets stress the unusual advantages

of a "remarkable investment" which can be taken up with "a maximum degree of safety of capital and a minimum return of 6 per cent."

The Trust's share capital, one learns, is held by its directors and employees, and a loan capital of unlimited amount is being raised in the form of "Redeemable Participating Deposit Notes"—whatever they might be!

These Redeemable Participating Deposit Notes are offered to the public in multiples of £20, and, carrying an annual return of 6 per cent., are terminable and repayable at par five years from the date of issue.

Even this choice return does not conclude the Trust's golden offer. Holders are to participate in an annual bonus of 40 per cent.!

So impressive . . .

The magnificence of the scheme is boundless.

The "loan fund" is to be used to finance hundreds of subsidiary companies, all of which will be controlled by the Trust's directors. When these companies have reached a state of profit-making perfection, they will be disposed of through publicly-floated concerns, at terms specially remunerative for the Trust's supporters.

In addition to approaching the

general public, the Trust seeks investors through other channels.

I have before me a circular which, bearing G. Laidlaw-Smith's signature as secretary, was recently sent, unsolicited, to the shareholders of a concern called the Eastern Siam Tin Dredging Co., Ltd.

The purport of this circular was to show that the National Development Trust was anxious to place its alleged remarkable resources at their disposal.

Ray of sunshine

I pause here to say that, unfortunately, the Eastern Siam Tin Dredging Co., Ltd., has been in a bad way for some considerable time. It suspended operations three years ago, and a receiver for the debenture holders has been in possession since the summer of last year—a dismal prospect, true, for the shareholders.

So, like a ray of sudden sunshine in a darkening world, Mr. Laidlaw-Smith comes upon the scene.

It was unreasonable, he stated, to expect the shareholders of the Eastern Siam Tin Dredging Company to find more money to buy out the Receiver. So the Trust had magnificently decided to put up £50,000 to place the company on a firm and profit-earning basis.

All the shareholders had to do was to buy some of the alluring "Redeemable Participating Deposit Notes" at £20 apiece.

The Trust's striking generosity gave place. Shareholders who could not afford £20 for each deposit note were graciously given the opportunity of paying £15 down and handing over, in lieu of the remainder, ten Siam shares.

I have my doubts

Now, it occurred to me that the offer was just a little too good to be true, particularly when I discovered that an individual called T. S. Appleton, of 24, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C., had also had a hand in the pretty little scheme to resuscitate the Eastern Siam Tin Dredging Co., Ltd., from its present unfortunate position.

Appleton, as though acting independently of the Trust, also sent out circulars to shareholders stating that he had clients who wanted to acquire holdings in the Siam concern, thus arousing their interest in readiness for the Trust's philanthropic descent upon them!

Appleton is actually one of the mystery men associated with the National Development Trust and, it is interesting to note, takes after Mr. Tudor Williams in that he also has a bad record in notorious financial circles. He has robbed the public of thousands of pounds, in one

guise or another, and has been to prison on more than one occasion.

When Appleton ran a bogus financial journal some time ago in the City, in connection with a "flat-trap" company, Mr. G. Laidlaw-Smith, now with the National Development Trust, was associated with him.

I am able to state that Mr. Laidlaw-Smith has been mixed up with other shady share-pushing ventures.

One was an impudent ramp—strangely similar in many ways to this, but not so pretentious—which was run last year from Eastbourne.

Laidlaw-Smith and his friend Appleton were closely concerned in this venture with a mystery man who is also behind the activities of the Trust.

Salesman "jazzing"

The Eastern Siam Tin Dredging Co., Ltd., is only one of the many concerns whose shareholders the Trust has approached in this manner, and I am not surprised to learn that the directors of the Eastern Siam Company have publicly dissociated themselves from the scheme.

The Trust has also been "jazzing" immaculate and impressive salesmen about the country—a most reprehensible practice, and one that is strongly condemned in genuine financial quarters.

One of these loquacious gentlemen talked laudably about a "Mr. Jordan" and the Trust, and said he was the managing director. Mr. Jordan, whose name figures nowhere on the literature, is another mystery man behind the scenes.

Then, I have discovered, there is an expert jazz salesman called Beaumont mixed up with these people.

His real name is Baumgart, and, though his spellbinding tongue has enabled him to excel in the art of inducing people to purchase worthless shares, he fell from grace a year or two ago and received a well-earned sentence for fraud.

He was an associate of Mark Godfrey, otherwise Skylinsky, who is now undergoing a seven-years sentence for some of the biggest share frauds ever known.

Who knows?

A very interesting collection of financiers, you will agree.

Which brings me down to the real issue: What are these so-called "Redeemable Participating Deposit Notes" and what is the real financial position of the National Development Trust?

Salesmen have told clients that the Trust's capital is £10,000, but is shortly to be increased to £100,000.

According to the official file at Somerset House it was formed less than nine months ago and has a nominal capital of only £100, of which £2 is paid up.

How are the notes secured?

What guarantee is there that the Trust will be in existence in five years time to redeem the notes at par?

Why are no details given as to what assets, if any, it possesses?

What are the names of any of the subsidiary companies it talks so magnificently about controlling for its "own profit and advantage"?

A snare, I think

In my opinion, quite apart from the known reputations of some of the people associated with the scheme, the whole thing is a snare.

The deposit notes are really nothing more or less than IOUs—issued by a company of recent birth which, so far, has given no proof that it possesses anything more tangible than a good West End address and an impressive, high-sounding name.

* * *

I am particularly anxious to ascertain whether any of my readers have been offered a position as a moulder in Australia on a three years' contract at a salary of £300 per annum. Will anyone who has received such an offer please write to me personally at once?

A LAST WARNING

The GUNMEN are to LO

THE last book Edgar Wallace wrote, or, at least, the one last published, was called "When the Gangsters Came to London."

I have not read this book, but I am told it is a powerful imaginative picture of what might happen if London were invaded by organised American criminals.

I believe that before long some of the gangsters will come to town. I know—because I heard several convicts in San Quentin say so—that American gunmen are seriously thinking of "invading" this country.

Their mouths water at the thought of London with its seven or eight million inhabitants, its unarmed police, its casual methods of transferring large sums of money from one place to another, its "wide-open" banks and its inexperience of the really "tough" hold-up methods. "What a city to loot!"

I seriously expect that within the next year or so, perhaps within the next few months, a number of American bank robbers and hold-up men will try to get into this country.

If they succeed, I am certain that soon afterwards we shall hear of armed robberies more determined and more desperate, better planned and more ambitious, than any with which the police here have so far had to deal.

In my previous articles I have tried to give a picture of a great American jail and of some of the convicts and gangsters I met while I was in the States.

I have also tried to contrast conditions in Dartmoor and

San Quentin, but what I chiefly wanted to do was to show the complete and total difference in atmosphere on either side of the Atlantic.

The mentality of English and American criminals contrasts as completely as their methods. I would bet long odds that there has not been

a single Yankee crook concerned in any of the recent smash-and-grab raids or hold-ups in this country.

Why? First of all, because the real "tough guys" in America never waste their time on a small job. If they go for a bank they make sure in advance that there is at least £5,000 to be lifted in that bank.

And, secondly, once they have started on the job, they go the limit. Murder means nothing to them.

Here, even since I have been home, there have been stories in the papers of "bandits" who have poked a revolver at some shopkeeper or official and then taken to their heels because a girl screamed for the police or some old joshier picked up a ruler and showed fight.

Killer's code

When an American gunman "pulls a job" you wouldn't have a chance to pick up a ruler; he would drop you dead first. And, if he were cornered by the police, he would shoot his way clear unless he himself were dropped or overpowered.

What I say here can be confirmed by anybody who reads the American papers. I'll tell one story of a particularly desperate bank robbery that occurred at Lamar, Colorado, while I was in America.

The gang of three men followed the usual method. One stood at the door with a machine-gun; a second covered the teller's

cage, and the third, Jake Fleagle, carrying two guns, directed operations.

There was one customer in the bank when they entered, a doctor, and behind the counter was the manager, his son and the teller, or cashier. The son, a plucky boy, dropped his hand to grab at the revolver on his desk. He was shot dead as he made the gesture.

The manager, maddened by his boy's death, did reach a gun and fired one shot, breaking the jaw of the boss gunman. He was riddled with machine-gun bullets before he could fire again.

Mass murder

Though wounded, Jake Fleagle continued to direct operations. His pals murdered the teller, cleared the bank of its cash, and then drove the wretched doctor, who had been standing with his hands up all the time, into their waiting car.

They took him "for a ride" outside the town and left him dead by the roadside eight miles out.

True, this was an exceptionally brutal case, but it is none the less typical. In other bank robberies there may be no shooting, but that is because clerks and customers don't court suicide. They know that the men with the guns never bluff.

There have been literally hundreds of branch banks robbed in the States during recent years, but this kind of hold-up is getting more and more difficult and dangerous.

The American Bankers' Association has naturally done all it can to counter the menace of the gunman. A one-man branch is unthinkable in the States.

Cashiers

nowadays all work behind a bullet-proof cage. They are all given a gun, and there are slots in the cages, like loopholes in our ancient castles, easy enough to shoot out of, but pretty hard to shoot into.

That is not all. In every "downtown" (or city) branch of any consequence two armed guards constantly patrol the premises.

And every bank has at least two entrances. If there were only one entrance you can imagine how easily one man with a machine-gun at that single door could command the entire premises.

Incidentally all branch banks are cleared of heavy cash at frequent intervals. They don't send bank messengers round for that sort of thing; they use armoured cars with two armed men to look after them.

And, of course, the idea of any one clerk regularly carrying the weekly pay-roll from bank to office by a known route at a given time would strike an American as preposterous. He could hardly believe that any firm in any country could ask for trouble in that way.

Hitherto in this country it has not been necessary to take precautions against armed criminals at all on the American scale.

Take care!

But I warn the banks and the big businesses—as no doubt they have already been warned by the police—that times are changing, and that to-day it is sheer folly to leave yourself wide open to attack.

Very likely readers will ask themselves at this point why, if what I say is true, a number of American gunmen have not attempted to raid this country long before. I think I can answer that.

For years the American criminal has had the most wholesome respect for Scotland Yard. There has been a legend that "the Yard always gets its man."

That legend is losing its force. In San Quentin when I was there dozens of American criminals came to me at different times carrying a New York, or even a London, newspaper and saying, "Look here, Limey, see this one—'Scotland Yard baffled; long list of unsolved crimes.'"

And then they would talk about recent police enquiries, or ask me, with triumphant malice, whether I had heard about "a bunch of cops grafting in with the bookmakers," or some policeman being dismissed for taking a half-crown bribe.

I tried in vain to explain that



In New York—an armoured car and heavily armed guards for money being transferred from bank to bank . . .

by the
GUNN
—Jan
Spens

who, with
sensational
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of reveal

Coming LONDON

the
MAN

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... and in London—no wonder
the American gunman is licking his lips
and saying: "What a city to loot!"

a trip to England might be
worth the risk.

I repeat my warning
that some of the gunmen
will be coming here soon.

I don't know how far the
Yard keeps in touch with
the American police, but
I think our detectives
would be wise to get well
acquainted with the
American "Black List,"
and to memorise all the
faces in the "rogues'
gallery."

If the gangster does come to Eng-
land he is bound to come on board
one of the smaller ships, and it is
ten chances to one that he will sign
on as one of the crew and try to
walk quietly ashore. I give that as a
straight tip to the dock detectives:
it will be worth their while to watch
the shore-leave men.

"Once a gangster—"

Personally, I have had more than
enough of the tough game. I am
not professing penitence, but I am
trying to use some common sense
before it is too late. I am English
and I want to live in England. I
don't want to go to Dartmoor
and I think it will pay me to go
straight.

Make no mistake about it: if I
wanted to return to America I could
get back there just as easily as a
determined gangster can, if he
chooses, cross over to this side.

But I do not want to go back
the gangs, and in America once
gangster is always a gangster.

I hate to see English boys trying
to follow the road I have taken.
In this country it leads to penal
servitude. In America it leads to
all the horrors of "the pen," or else
to sudden death at the hands of
rival gangsters.

All this talk about the glamour
and adventure of crime; all the pic-
tures that glorify the gangsters, are
just "boloney."

There is no worse trade than
crime. Take it from me, because I
know.

I want to repeat in conclusion
that public opinion and public
morality are the only effective

barriers against the gangster and
the racketeer even in this country.

Arming the police is no good: it
only leads to quick shooting on both
sides. All the British police need
is a fair deal, adequate pay, and
reasonable freedom to get on with
their work. And one other thing:
the certainty that the public be-
lieves in them and will back them
up.

Relentless pursuit

Prison reform, stiffer sentences
for crimes of violence, faster Flying
Squad cars and more detectives
may be suggestions well worth
discussion. But what really matters
is relentless pursuit and the abso-
lute certainty that convicted men
shall serve their just punishment.

During the three years before I
left New York I saw over 110
murders by gunshot, well over one
a day. That was in New York City
alone, but the number of men sent
to the chair in that city was
about a dozen.

That means that in New
York you can get away with
murder at the odds of
one to ten. The other way round,
if you go to Great Britain,

you can get away with the tradition
of the "dead-end" and the police
force always gets its men.
But you can appeal to his
self-protection.

American gangster, although
I can't fully understand it, still
appreciates dimly that graft won't
go in England.

He still believes, although his
belief is a little shaken by recent
events, that we have the finest and
most honest police in the world. He
still realises that, while he may be
a hero and a big boss over there, he
would be just a low-down criminal
over here.

While we can live up to this repu-
tation we have little to fear. We
may get—I think we shall get—a
few desperadoes over here to "try
us out," but we shall be able to deal
with them.

And the failure of the first in-
vaders will keep all the other gun-
men away from our shores.

these isolated cases were quite
unimportant in themselves, and that
their very triviality was the measure
of the general honesty of the force.

All the same, many convicts I met
told me that "London looked good
to them," and "they'd like to take a
chance over here, Scotland Yard or
no Scotland Yard."

There is another thing that may
tempt some of the younger ones to
try to get into this country—their
vanity.

I'll have to tell a story about that.
There is a kid I know in San Quen-
tin, one of a gang of four bank
robbers now doing "five years to life"
for a £10,000 robbery in San Fran-
cisco. This youngster, Eddy, was a
clerk himself once in the Bank of
Italy, at San Francisco.

Pathetic "tough guy"

It was the old story, drink and
gambling and girls. Eddy got him-
self into a mess and a small gang got
hold of him. He gave them the in-
formation that enabled them to rob
a branch just at the right time be-
fore the armoured car came round.
Later Eddy joined the gang as an
active partner.

Laugh if you like, but I believe ab-
solutely that it was the kinema
which really brought Eddy into the
game. Like hundreds of other
American kids, he admired a
"tough guy." He wanted to show
he was "tough" himself, and he
will be, sure enough, when he comes
out of "the pen."

When the gang did their big job,
they stole a huge motor-car for the
purpose. Eddy drove it. He fan-
cied himself at the wheel. After
they had got away with the money
they drove the car to the Presidio,
San Francisco's magnificent park

above the bay, jumped out, started
the engine, and ran it over the
cliff.

But Eddy, with his share of the
swag, went and bought another
car just like it. That was
swank, nothing else. It put the
police on his trail, and the whole
gang was ultimately rounded up.

The police handled that particu-
lar job very well. They got the
hold-up men in a trap with no
chance to shoot, and Eddy's chief
grievance was that he was taken
without putting up a fight.

Dartmoor might have saved that
boy, but San Quentin will turn him
out—absolutely certain—as a gun-
man for life. And, since he has
nothing else to be proud of, he is
desperately anxious to prove him-
self "tougher than any of them."

Now, Eddy is the sort of young
fellow who might come over here.
I don't think he will, because I told
him again and again that, even
supposing he *did* manage to land
here and *did* manage to make a big
coup, it would be a million to one
that our "cops" would get him
before he could ever leave the
country.

I was exaggerating, and he only
believed me up to a point. If he
ever does come, though, it will be
because his vanity tells him that
he could make a sensation on this
side, whereas nothing he could do
in America could possibly set up a
new record.

There are a lot of men like Eddy
in San Quentin and other American
convict prisons. There are young
men who want the thrill of "mak-
ing a name" in a new country, and
there are many of the older hands
who feel that things have got too
hot in America, and that, therefore,

Socrates Solves the Secret

Sensational Offer!
GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF THE BARRY MILITAIRE FLEECE-LINED ALL WEATHER COAT IN PUTTY SHADE OR NAVY BLUE NEVER, AT ANY PERIOD, WAS A GREATER

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Or send CASH on DELIVERY anywhere in Great Britain. You Pay the Postman.

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coat, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat. State Model required and whether Putty shade or Navy Blue preferred.

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Send a postcard to-day for this wonderful range of new season's patterns. You will be astounded at the remarkable value we offer. With free patterns we send you handsome Fashion Book showing London's latest styles, as also our unfailing self-measure chart.

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HE was a Cambridge don, in the pure mathematics line. Also, he was an amateur yachtsman of note, and when the war broke out was (being an ordinarily decent man) keen to join up.

Medical authority, however, barred active service, as he was touched in the wind or something like that. So without consulting his feelings he was shoved on to a decoding job which he hated poisonously from start to finish.

He declined pay, but contracted to draw from Authority a new hat if ever he got through an assignment successfully. Authority said O.K. Also, knowing his power, Authority laughed, and suggested hiring a warehouse for the storage of the loot.

My don said grudgingly that if he snaffed one hat he'd eat it. By the way, as he returned to his college and ordinary donnish common-room life at Cambridge, he put me under contract, when he told me this yarn, to keep his name out of it. So, by way of a label, if you please, we will call him Socrates Smith.

VERY well, then. Socrates Smith was spoken of as "Room 4371" in Whitehall during the war, and as 4371 acquired merit. Not five people in the War Office and Admiralty know him as Socrates.

By reason of his skill the smaller problems were passed over his head to the smaller men, and he was only handed the real tough decoding jobs when the ciphers beat all the other experts.

"Defeats me, sir," said Colonel Tom, Commander Dick, and Squadron-Leader Harry (that chap with the two wooden legs) "Better hand it on to the bloke at 4371. He's the blue-eyed boy for solving the undiscoverable. Personally, I think 4371 is not a human man at all, but a hen medium with a special graft from Uncle Satan."

* * *

This, so far, is to introduce you to Socrates Smith, and his (for the duration) hectic reputation. Now comes the record nut that was brought him to crack, and which he yarned to me about over the last bottle but four of my '63 port.

"The beastly thing came to me," said Socrates Smith, easing a waistcoat button, "as Jacket Number A.6, r 23, and as it hung on week after week without my getting an inch nearer to the hat I labelled it 'Sunstroke' for shortness.

"All the time, of course, I had plenty of other jobs. The old Hun kept a squad of cipher merchants at work whose goods ought not to have puzzled an infant school.

"But our conjuring party were poor guessers, and I got a good dozen perfectly simple cross-words pushed across to 4371 every week. Even one of our classics fellows could have tackled those. Churning out the answers was as easy as cranking up a gramophone.

"LITTLE 'Sunstroke,' however, continued to beat me. I wasn't given a wireless report, or a personal advertisement in a newspaper, or a series of words pinpricked in a fashion magazine, or any of those ordinary things, you understand.

"The stuff was mainly private letters, and they'd been gone through first by the sympathetic ink bloke and the rest of the technical staff and guaranteed harmless from their point of view. All that was above my head. Thank God, I've never fallen so low as to take up chemistry.

"The High-ups didn't even state that the trouble was caused by 'Sunstroke' at all. But they let me understand that there was a leak of information from Great Britain to Germany, and it was a mighty big one, and costly and dangerous, and all that.

"But for long enough they kept me in the dark as to the class of goods that was being carted across.

"Eh? No. 4371 didn't ask. His not

to reason why; his but to do, and keep his head shut. It was a filthy time. I'll just have another glass of that heavenly port to drink confusion to 'Sunstroke.'

"My particular taskmaster over the 'Sunstroke' affair—a retired admiral—began to show signs of wear. His eyes grew bags under them, and his waistcoat hung in wrinkles.

"He was particularly sensitive about his waistcoat, and was always pulling it straight. I suggested once getting his tailor to take a reef in it, and he came the quarter-deck on me quite in the old breezy style.

"Think I'm worrying, you young pup? I'm carrying on with my job, and that's all this country pays me for! Of course, he was a No. 1 top-side brass hat, and an artist with his tongue, but a real white man, and only T.T. for the duration. Gosh! the old bird would have loved this '63 port if he'd lived.

"My tune was always a jangle on one irritating note. 'Give me something to go on.' 'Any fool,' the old admiral would bark back at me, 'can make dobles if he's given mud and sekati. You're here at 4371 because you're supposed to be able to turn out bricks, and drop 'em, without any material except what you carry under your hat!'

"And then His Nibs would

get confused, and say, 'Oh, sorry, my dear lad. I forgot hats were a sore subject with you!' As I say, he was an amazingly decent old master mariner.

"All sorts of oddments were tossed on to the 'Sunstroke' jacket as the weeks went on, but I never smelt a whiff of the code from any of them. Private letters; business stuff; somebody Morsing with a motor-car's head-lamp; advertisements in 'Sell and Buy'; weird bundles of string with knots in it, addressed to W. Hohenzollern, Esq., Berlin.

"Then there was a series of newspapers, each carrying one of a range of sixty scents—all these were severally suggested as bearing upon the 'Sunstroke' affair.

"The scent scheme was quite clever, so far as it went; but its scope of information was limited; and though we landed the citizen who engineered it, he

THE LOVE-LETTER CIPHER



by C. J.
CUTCLIFFE-HYNE,

famous author and creator of one of the best-known characters in fiction, "Captain Kettle"

was a side-line so far as 4371 was concerned, and, anyway, did not help us towards 'Sunstroke.'

"By degrees more of the private letters kept drifting in. I hated reading them. We knew the sender; he was a top man in one of the Whitehall offices dealing much in my own line of goods. He'd a handle to his name, was married, rich, lived in a big house, and had three kids at school.

"His letters—private letters—were written to a female doctor in Amsterdam. She was the genuine article, too—English woman, London degree, married to a Dutchman—pukka Hollander. I mean, not Hun—also with a foal at foot.

"Well, these two were just carrying on for all they were worth, and no brakes fitted. The letters were a heap too matey for decency. Perhaps I'm prudish. The stuff made me feel rather sick, because having to go through it sixteen ways for my 4371 stunt, I got to know it pretty well.

"BUT I was always able to guarantee that, whatever else it might be, it was clean off my special target. T. Ricky we'll say the man's name was, dropping the handle in front of it, and I tell you he was a big bug in Whitehall; and we'll call her Dr. Susan Van.

"In spite of those mushy, mucky letters they didn't really care for one another. Though that only came out afterwards. I'm rather giving away the yarn in advance, but keep that fact in your head.

"T. Ricky wrote every day, and showed his feelings all out. Dr. Susan

that Puzzled the Experts...



"Of course, there was no row. I mean T. Ricky was given an empty room and a Service revolver and twenty minutes, and did the trick like a German officer and a gentleman"

gushed back at him once a week. But as for communicating information to the enemy to the detriment of the King's Majesty, or whatever it is, there was nothing doing.

"The stuff was plain tripe of, as I say, the mucky brand. I itched to kick T. Ricky. Member of my club, the brute was, too, and I'd seen a good deal of his wife one May week up at Cambridge.

"But I kept my head shut about this to the old admiral, of course. He'd seen the letters, and that was that. No reason for a pup like me to rub 'em in.

"AFFAIRS in the war line got worse, as you know, that autumn, and we looked like scoring a total loss. The admiral, with more bights than ever in his waistcoat, breezed in one morning and demanded why the hell I didn't do a trick of work for a change, and clap a stopper on 'Sunstroke's' running gear.

"I retorted that I was just about as much good to my country as a fathom of chewed string unless I got further data.

"Those saucy letters, sir, may make me want to throw up the situation, but they don't give me a line on the leakage. They're the filthiest kind of tripe, but they're not traitorous. I'll resign if you like, sir, but I can't drop bricks unless you give me straw to drop 'em on."

"On which the old hero says, 'My dear lad, you're the most capable something of the whole outfit,' and so on.

"Can you tell me anything more I could do for you?" asks the old boy. "I don't worry about reasons. You're the witch-doctor; you can smell out spies like—well, he hove on a kilo or so of butter, and what did I want?

"Anything short of the larger crown jewels and the secret telephone in the House of Lords' Woolsack were mine for the asking. Things were desperate.

"T. Ricky," said I, "seems the likeliest line. I want a free hand to follow him and his doings up on my own."

"You shall have it, although I don't see what you are hunting," says the

sailor. 'Here's a chit that will clear you of everything from bigamy to rickburning. Sorry I can't do the personal conducting.'

"He wagged his poor old saggy waistcoat. 'I'm a bit run down, and have put in for a spot of leaf. I'm off grouse-shooting in Skye. So you'll have to be your own Mr. Cook. Get ahead with it.'"

* * *

Socrates Smith retrieved his napkin from the floor and took pains to rub away the spot of port he had dropped on to my polished table. "Tablecloths," said he, "had their advantages. You could get them washed. Now, speaking of tablecloths—"

"Don't," said I. "Speak of T. Ricky and his co-responding hen doctor."

"Oh, that?" said Socrates, rather drearily. "I suppose I killed the chap all right. You see, the letters both backwards and forwards, were, as I've

said, mere rubbish. They were neither more nor less than what they appeared to be on the surface.

"And I repeat that the gentleman did not care two pins for the lady, and Dr. Susan Van of Holland didn't care a guilder for Sir—for Mr. T. Ricky of London. But both were born Huns and both were working for their home country.

"How was the news carried from England? It stared us all in the face. It was on the back of the envelopes. The stamp was sometimes one for two-pence-halfpenny; sometimes there were two; sometimes four or five of varying costs stuck on straight or stuck on crooked.

"Sometimes the stamps were near the top of the envelope and sometimes further away; occasionally they cuddled the right-hand edge; another time they were put on boldly amidships.

"The stamps and their angles were measured to their places by the help of a pair of very finely graduated dividers. It was a needle prick from the leg of these that gave me the first hint. I followed it up.

"THE idea was perfectly simple, entirely accurate in its information, and practically detective-proof. It gave a six-figure code on every envelope—from one up to 99,999, I mean—though probably only 1,000 numbers were used.

"Work it out for yourself, young feller-me-lad. I know you are not a mathematician, but I suppose that even in your humble way you haven't forgotten your school-work about permutations and combinations. . . .

"I tell you, that stamp-gadget gave a million numbers for every envelope, and that would cover every possible message T. Ricky could want to send to Germany about our shipping. . . .

"When we raided Sir—I mean the chap's desk, we found a Western Union Code book with all the necessary war-notes sur-changed on the original text. Western Union's a six-number code, you'll remember. No wonder the Marine Arnt at Berlin knew where our ships and convoys might be expected on the day after next.

"Well, of course, there was no row. The—er—I mean T. Ricky was given an empty room and a Service revolver and twenty minutes, and did the trick like a German officer and gentleman. He was a gallant fellow, working all-out for his country. I take off my hat to him.

"I only wish the poor old admiral's daughter hadn't married the chap."

[Copyright, 1932, in U.S.A.]

Next Week—

"16,000,000
Per Cent.,"

by JOHN OXENHAM

"The Greatest
of These—"

Two Years of Agony

BETWEEN two and three years ago, Beattie's dad was rejoicing at having been practically cured of a dry lupus patch on his face, supposed to be the effect of vaccination in infancy.

Then followed a ghastly tragedy. In order to complete the cure, a further radium application was administered. Septic poisoning set in, causing agonies of pain and months of acute distress.

The poor man has spent the last two years in constant attendance at hospitals. Before these misadventures befell him he earned good money. Now he depends on relief for his wife, who suffers from



Beattie

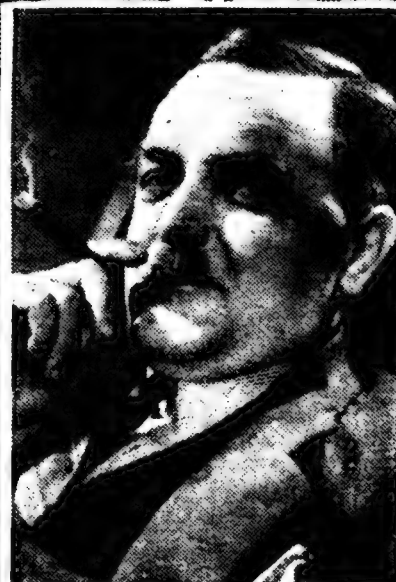
dropsy and cannot work, and three young children, the eldest of whom, a girl aged twelve, attends an open-air school, as she is pronounced to be tubercular.

Beattie, the baby, is three years. We ask for help for her unfortunate father, because, having spent a small fortune in travelling to hospitals, he had to resort to borrowing money at interest, amounting to about £8.

The money he draws each week is mortgaged to meet this.

He spends wretched nights knowing there is no cure for his face trouble. "Three years ago, I hadn't a grey hair," he told us, "now I am nearly white. Looking into the future troubles me. It seems terrible to think of the children being pauperised all their lives."

Donations for "Beattie," or the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. List of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

—Probed by

PHILIP

INMAN



"We have no children," sighs a wife—and there are thousands of bonny motherless bairns who would bring happiness to lonely hearts . . .

That Dread Thing— LONELINESS

WHAT a number of lonely folk there are in the world. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of letters reach me from people who tell of empty lives and the lack of opportunity to make suitable friends.

One of my recent correspondents is a hospital nurse.

"I have completed my training," she says, "and am now twenty-six. I have no near relations, for I lost both my parents when I was a child, and my aunt, who brought me up, died two years ago.

"My loneliness is simply appalling, and I long for some friend to whom I can confide. I have been thinking of my summer holidays, but what pleasure is there in going away alone?"

I feel desperately sorry for that girl. Hers is a wretched position to be in.

But what has she done with her opportunities? Did she not make any friends during her period of training at the hospital? If not, I wonder why.

The fault may be entirely her own. She may be reserved and standoffish in her manner. That is not the way to make the most of life.

I find that most people will come more than half-way on the road to friendship and good will. But unless friendliness is reciprocated it certainly will never thrive. Unless you give you cannot expect to receive.

There is really no need for this girl to remain lonely any longer. Many of the nursing papers have what they call "Friendship Leagues." In that way it is possible to find a companion with similar tastes.

Then the problem about summer holidays should not trouble her unduly. I am sending her the addresses of two or three hostels where she should have a happy time and find congenial company.

That advice is quite suitable for young people. But what shall I say to my next correspondent? Her letter reads:

Always Alone

"I am a widow with one daughter, who, when she married some time ago, moved to a town forty miles away. She wanted me to go and live with them, but I have the sense to know that such an arrangement never works.

"So I live in a little flat and my life is not exactly a happy one. My days consist of going for walks, shopping, and playing the piano all to myself. Many an hour do I sit in silence with my thoughts. My life hardly seems worth while when there is nobody near to share it with.

"Before my girl was married it was different, but now—well, it seems just hopeless. I have seen your helpful advice to other people—I wonder if you can suggest something for me?"

I think I can. There are at least a dozen ways open to those who, like my correspondent, want some means of occupying their time. Here are a few of them:

Women are badly needed for social work, infant welfare centres, and crèches. The local medical officer of health will, I feel sure, gladly give particulars of these services.

Then there is hospital work, with all its many calls, such as sitting on committees, joining the linen guild, visiting and reading to the patients, assisting to raise the necessary funds by helping to organise jumble sales, concerts, and the like.

"My life hardly seems worth while," says my correspondent. She can make it so if she takes up any of the work I have mentioned. She will lose all her loneliness and her longing.

She will discover, like old Scrooge,

that a great deal of happiness comes from putting gladness into other people's hearts and lives.

My third problem is on an entirely different footing. It deals with a man, who, though blessed with three children, is comparatively lonely because of a deathbed promise.

Dead Promises

The letter is sent to me by one of his friends who is anxious for his welfare. Here it is:

"They married young, and as the time passed children were born, adding to the happiness of the home. The husband had a good post and they looked forward to a long life together. Then dreaded illness came into the home, and after much suffering the wife died at the age of thirty.

"Now, here is the problem: Before passing away the wife asked the husband not to take anyone else in her place, and, to ease her last moments, he gave her that promise.

"For about four years he has kept his word. Now he finds a natural craving for a companion for himself and a mother for his three young children.

"What is he to do—break his promise to his late wife and marry again, or spend the remainder of his days in comparative loneliness, regretting words spoken to one on her deathbed?"

I am not a great believer in deathbed

promises of this character. It seems to me grossly unfair to expect a man in the stress and strain of a moment of that kind to pledge himself for his entire future.

It is like those "unreasonable will" cases one sometimes sees in the papers.

There was an instance only the other day of a man who had left a bequest to his daughter on condition that she did not marry until she was at least forty years old. The judge set the condition aside as unreasonable and ordered that the money should be paid to the daughter at once.

And so with my correspondent. If his friend feels that happiness can come to him and comfort to his children by marrying again, I think he is entitled to do so.

What is more, I believe that his wife, if she understood these things, would also agree. After all, if she cared for him, her only concern would be his happiness.

The Empty Home

My last problem is a very common one.

"We have been married for eighteen years," says a wife, "and the great joy of our lives has been denied us, for we have no children. My husband, who is a traveller, is away from home a good deal, and I am left all alone.

"I have wanted to adopt a child, but all my friends advise against it. They say I should always regret it if he turned out badly."

Why do people always want to paint the black side of the picture? The bad traits do not only reveal themselves in adopted children. The same thing applies to any parent with his own child.

He may turn out to be selfish and ungrateful; he may be delicate; he may inherit undesirable tendencies; he may be a liar or a thief. That is a risk that every parent who brings a child into the world has to take.

But ask any father or mother if it is worth while. There is only one answer.

And I know from my own experience the intense happiness that has come to people who have adopted children.

PHILIP INMAN would like to help you, too. Address your problems to "Humanist," and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 ls. is paid for each letter he quotes.

How to be Rich by July 15

America will celebrate Independence Day on July 4. Yet she cannot feel independent, these days. . . .

But a real Independence Day is coming for somebody on Friday, July 15. Somebody is going to get a telegram from JOHN BULL that afternoon.

Somebody is going to have the choice of those Seven Sensational Prizes finally offered for a few words on pages 34 and 35. And that somebody may be you!

Half an hour on *Bullets* this evening, and a £6 Weekly Life Pension, a £3,000 cheque or a Pension and a Lump Sum may be your reward.

But if you want to become independent for life on July 15, your entry must be in by Saturday, July 2.

Price of Lux Toilet Soap

Reduced



THIS PRICE APPLIES
ONLY TO GREAT BRITAIN
AND NORTHERN IRELAND

*Enormous demand
makes possible a new, low price for
this luxurious soap*

From now on you can buy the most
exquisite of Toilet Soaps for 3d!

Lux Toilet Soap is reduced in price
from 4d to 3d. Yet it is the same fine
quality as ever!

When Lux Toilet Soap was first
introduced, four years ago, the public
was amazed that a soap so exquisitely
pure, so luxurious to use, could be
sold for only 4d. Only tremendous
demand and skilled factory organiza-
tion could have brought the cost
so low. Yet today the price is lower
than ever.

Why? Simply because the success
of Lux Toilet Soap has been enor-
mous. It is in regular use in hundreds
of thousands of British homes—and is
daily gaining enthusiastic new users.

MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED
AND SEVENTY MILLION
TABLETS

Last year alone, more than two
hundred and seventy million tablets
were sold. This means that manu-
facturing costs have been reduced
still further—and the whole benefit of
this saving is passed on to the public.

If you don't already use Lux Toilet
Soap, now is the time to begin! If
you already use it—you'll appreciate
the extra saving. And of course you
know it's the simplest, safest beauty-
care for your skin—the soap famous
film stars all the world over use to
guard their wonderful complexions.

Ask your dealer for Lux Toilet
Soap today—3d a tablet.

*9 out of 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it makes
complexions gloriously smooth*

Although Lux Toilet Soap is a British
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by stars in the great Hollywood
studios, and of course in our own
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Film complexions must be naturally
smooth—make-up alone cannot hide
flaws from the camera. That is why

705 out of 713 famous stars use this
lovely pure-white soap.—It guards
complexion-beauty—keeps skin flaw-
lessly smooth!

It will keep your complexion just
as smooth and radiant. Try it! You'll
love its rich, thick lather—its won-
derful perfume.

LUX Toilet SOAP

NOW 3^D.

Good as a daily beauty treatment
—to care for your skin with Lux
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Use it—and watch your com-
plexion becoming smoother, clearer,
lovelier!

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for the little 1d. packet . . . Wrigley's.
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you're feeling tired. It will take away
that parched feeling, leaving your
mouth deliciously fresh and cool.
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In two flavours—P.K., with the
pure double-distilled
peppermint flavour,
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packet—worth many
times more for the
good it does you.



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EM 16

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The Wake-up Food

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ONLY
7½p

Richard TAUBER

YOU ask me what is the hour of my life I'd like most to live again.

Well, that is easy, because there are so many wonderful hours in it to choose from.

When, for instance, I first sang at the Opera House in Dresden and realised at last that my youthful ambitions were being realised. Or when, later, I was made welcome at unforgettable first-nights in Vienna, Berlin and your own London.

But I won't tell you of those thrilling hours, but of one many of you will no doubt like most to hear about—though, unhappily for me, it was not a great and wonderful hour, but the worst I've ever experienced—the one, in fact, I'd never want to live again.

That was when I failed to sing at the Albert Hall last December, and was forced to disappoint nearly ten thousand people who came to hear me.

And what made it worse was that most of them had already bought tickets, and that it was impossible, at such short notice, to let them know that the concert would have to be abandoned.

Even after the passing of months every detail of that awful time remains vividly in my mind.

Quite early on that Sunday morning I felt sure I should be unable to sing. Still, I hoped on, tried my usual remedies, but, alas, all without avail. My throat seemed to grow more and more inflamed every moment.

Previously my voice had failed me after my strenuous time in "The Land of Smiles" at Drury Lane, but this occasion was different.

Over and over again the words of my manager rang hopelessly in my ears—"Ten thousand people are waiting to hear you this afternoon, Herr Tauber. I am sure you will not disappoint them. It is such an important occasion."

Then I thought of Mr. Lionel Powell, one of the most charming impresarios I ever met, lying at death's door in a nursing home—luckily, perhaps, unconscious of all that was happening.

They were wrong

Every hour of triumph I ever had flashed through my mind as if in a fiendish mockery of fate.

I realised, too, that there would be many thoughtless people, not understanding, who would say: "Oh, of course, he could have sung, but you know how temperamental these singers are."

And they did say it, never stopping to think in that moment of disappointment that, quite apart from my desire not to fail them, I should not throw away £1,000 fee unless there was good reason for it.

Then I knew there would be those who would accuse me of mere personal vanity. "A sore throat, his voice not at its best. Of course, that was why he did not sing." Of course, they were wrong.

And all the time these fears were crashing through my mind I was besieged by friends, agents and managers, while outside my room journalists were clamouring to learn what was really going to happen.

Those around me were asking me every few minutes how I was.

Haunting . . .

"I feel dreadful," I told them. It was simply no use for them to hope. I knew. Far from being able to sing in my best form, I could not utter a single note clearly—just a harsh noise. And I was in pain.

Still the vision of that waiting crowd floated before my eyes—its disappointment, the fear that it would misunderstand me. How haunting it all was!

I wonder if ordinary people realise quite how much an artist belongs to the public, how exacting sometimes his duty to it may become. Almost every thought is for it; it becomes the greatest thing in life, after one's actual art.

To disappoint it—well, it is like, as you call it in England, "letting down" your dearest friend. You feel you have failed yourself.

But think, for a moment, what permanent injury to the throat may mean to a singer. No amount of study or practice will bring back the heaven-sent gift, once it is lost. The human throat is such a delicate organ and a singer's voice so easily destroyed.

In this hour of mental and physical

tells
of—



The Hour I'd NEVER LIVE AGAIN

"Ten thousand people came to hear me sing . . . but I could not utter a single note"

anguish I thought of all that I had been warned about such accidents.

In times of great stress I have noticed the almost fantastic manner in which the brain seems to present the scenes of the past, like a reel from a "movie." I suppose it is something like the sensation a drowning person is said to have to endure.

However that may be, I know that as I sat waiting hopelessly for my voice to come back I saw myself as a boy again living near Salzburg, amid the majestic Austrian mountains, with the dark pine forest silhouetted against a fading sunset—all the beauty that my youthful soul loved so much.

My ambitions, my early dreams, my struggles, my happy hours of triumph—I lived them all again.

Then someone spoke, and I came

The Silver Lining

Are we downhearted? A letter which JOHN BULL has received from a mother of six children came like a breeze into our office on a very hot day.

She writes: "Thanks for your cheque paid on account of the accident to my son. I am not a big user of words, but I can give as big thanks as any. Although I am an invalid, I find nothing to grouse about. My motto is 'Close your eyes if a dark cloud comes along and give a kindly word wherever you can.'"

JOHN BULL is glad that the dark cloud in this instance had a real silver lining.

back to the mind-shattering present. What could I do? Would I ever be understood? My friends?—yes, they would stand by me.

The time dragged on, terribly slowly, till by mid-day it was quite decided that I should not appear.

But the anguish of it all did not end there for me, though.

An army of reporters came to know the truth, to get the real story of "Why Tauber did not appear." There was nothing but the truth to tell them.

I suffered most

Stories of my supposed "temperament" were in the mouths of the busy-bodies, but I determined that I should not be crushed or discouraged by this, my darkest hour.

The British people had already shown me how kind they could be, and how freely they could voice their appreciation. If at first they misunderstood, I knew that the time would come when they would understand.

I hope, and think, it has. Judging by all that was said and written, their disappointment must have been great. But I assure them now my own was greater.

If there are any who still doubt me, perhaps what I have now told them of my agonising experience will help them to realise what I went through during that terrible hour.

In all my life it was my bitterest experience. Never do I want to live it over again.

D227

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'DIPLOMA' LIMERICKS

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10 PRIZES of £1 EACH
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*A Colonel just home from Bombay,
At golf gave a fireworks display:
His remarks on the green,
When he took seventeen*

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

CLOSING DATE:

Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, July 1, 1932.**

RESULT:

A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA
The **ENGLISH**
CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Competition (Dept. 7)

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD.,
TROWBRIDGE.

**BRITISH MADE.**

Please send me a trial tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Name.....

Address.....

To Euthymol (Dept. 67L),
50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

Sound as a bell

Dentists will tell you that to keep the teeth sound and in good condition you must brush them well with a gritless and, preferably, a germicidal tooth paste; and that means Euthymol. Send Coupon for 7 days' free sample tube and test for yourself. Afterwards you will purchase a large 1/3 tube from your chemist.

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

Kills DENTAL DECAY GERMS in 30 seconds.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Refund this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fide of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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RAZ-MAH will give relief from the terrible slow strangulation of Asthma. Will stop the nasty, dry, irritating, "off-and-on" cough of Chronic Bronchitis. Clean Cap-sules. No harmful drugs or bad reactions. Guaranteed relief or money refunded on two 3-boxes or one 5-box. Stocked by Boots Timothy Whites and all Chemists and Stores.—Free trial from Gilmour Templeton Co. Ltd., Dept. C21, 80, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.



*The most nourishing
food you can drink!*

4 FOODS IN 1

Money cannot buy more strengthening foods than those in Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs. Each is perfect in itself; together they are most carefully blended and balanced, each in its right proportion. This food-drink is proving a benefit to thousands—at a price they can afford. Fry's save you money by buying in enormous quantities and by using the latest mass producing machinery. It is a triumph for British capital and labour to have produced at this price such

a valuable combination of:—

PURE ENGLISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT taken from sun-ripened ears of barley—the finest Malt that can be obtained.

SELECTED ENGLISH EGGS. Every day the golden yolks of thousands of English Farmhouse Eggs go to make the "Four Foods in One."

FRY'S FAMOUS COCOA. The standard by which all Cocoa is judged. No purer, more strengthening Cocoa in the world.

BRITISH MILK—Nature's essential Food. Pure Milk with all its virtues—the finest food base obtainable.

Do not drink a haphazard mixture of powdered malt, milk powder, dried eggs and cocoa. Drink Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs.

FRY'S
MALTED MILK COCOA

WITH EGGS

7 1/2
PER 1/4 LB

*The perfect British-made
Food Drink that costs you no
more than it must.*



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DOUBLE SIZE 1/2

1 LB. SIZE 2/3

HAY FEVER VICTIM

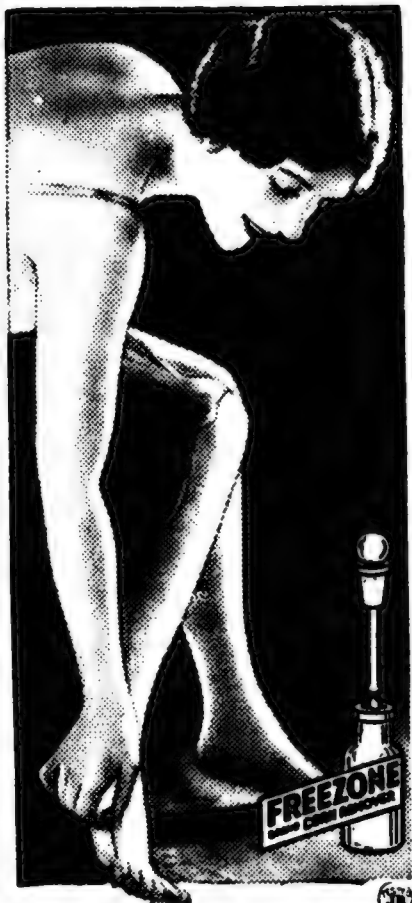
And what he found—as good as a winning Sweep ticket

That stifled feeling! Sneeze! "Gosh! Got me again!" cried the poor chap. Watery, burning eye-balls! Bursting head! Sneeze—sneeze! Don't we know that feeling, many of us? "O to be in England, now that pollen's there!" sneezed our friend. And every victim of the hated Hay Fever joined him—or willingly would have—in a community sneezing.

As luck would have it, he happened to have called at a chemist's just before the first sneeze, and a new bottle of Milton for his teeth travelled home with him. To his surprise, as he drew the bottle from its carton, he found a book, a bright, fresh-looking little book, in his hand. "Hullo! Look who's here!" says he. "Where did you come from, little stranger? And what the . . ." He paused. Just there the dread words "Hay Fever" had jumped to his eye from a list of uses on the front of the book. "Hay Fever!" he gasped. "Quick! For the love o' Mike, let's see! Hay Fever—see use number 41. Gosh!"

Use number 41 it was which gave him a thrill as great as the sight of his name in a list of Sweep winners. For at last, after years and years of martyrdom to that ghastly Hay Fever, here was relief in sight. At last! "And to think," cried he some 10 minutes later, "here have I been using my Milton for my teeth for years, with perfect satisfaction, but never dreamed that it could—just like a flash!—give me this blessed relief. It's a blinkin' miracle!"

It is, In that same wee book, the new Milton book, he found a dozen other miracles, all new to him, all tucked away in the wee brown bottle. "Gosh!" said he. "My lucky day! What a find!"



Corns Ended!

Why put up with corns or get only temporary relief when "Freezone" Corn Remover will end them completely! A few drops on any corn instantly stops the pain and soon the corn loosens and comes right out without hurting. A 1/8 bottle from your chemist, Boots', Taylor's or Timothy White's will remove every kind of corn or callous.

I SUPPOSE there are people in this country who still doubt whether Violet Sharpe, the English maid who committed suicide in the home of Mrs. Lindbergh's mother, was hounded to her death by her American inquisitors—so little do they know of the methods of the men who use the Third Degree instead of the old-time rack and thumb-screw.

But I, who have been under the Third Degree myself and have seen a woman I loved a trembling, haunted, pitiful wreck of her former self after the same torture, have never doubted for one moment that this English maid was done to death by the New Jersey police.

The police have now admitted she was innocent of any complicity in the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, but I didn't need their admission.

I knew, because not one woman in a million could beat the Third Degree unless she were either innocent, or, in certain rare cases, 100 per cent. criminal, a real, tough, dyed-in-the-wool gangster's "Moll."

There are two kinds of Third Degree, smooth and rough or mental and physical. Women—and men who may have influence—are given the mental treatment only. Other suspects are given the rough stuff as well.

It is some little time back since I got arrested on suspicion in Los Angeles. There had been a big robbery, and I was supposed to have known who did it, even if I was not actually concerned.

This is what they did to me: They hauled me out of my cell and brought me into a room where there were six officers.

One of them said: "You're going to be here quite a while, buddy, and we want a real good look at you. You just sit on that desk there and we'll talk."

The sob expert

They do the questioning three at a time. One man is always the official bully, who curses and raves at you: "Come on, now, and come clean. We've got the goods on you. Who was in this job with you. Spill it, or . . . well! It's just going to be too bad."

Another man is the sob expert. He checks his mate now and again with something like this: "Aw, have a heart. This is a good guy. He's going to tell us all right, all right. We won't have to get rough with him."

"He wouldn't want us to have to fetch his old mother along to the station. Or his sweetie. And give them the works. No, you bet your life, he wouldn't. Now, then, who was with you when you pulled that job?"

If it is a fairly big case the "cops" will be patient for the first three hours, perhaps even through the second three, unless you keep dumb. It's better for your own sake to keep on saying something, anything: "I wasn't there. Honest, I don't know anything about it."

But that's risky, too, because after you've answered the same questions about a hundred times your head is spinning and you may add a meaningless word or two.

If you just say nothing, the police lose patience more quickly. Suddenly, perhaps, one of them will pull out a piece of rubber piping and give you a fearful crack across the shoulders or the head.

They did that to me a good many times, and I was lucky. They weren't quite sure of my "strength"; in other words, they thought I might have "political" friends outside. They didn't want to risk marking me. You can use a rubber pipe, and twenty-four hours later there is nothing to prove a beating.

Whang!

After every three hours the police change guard, so to speak. The three questioners are relieved by three others, who go on asking the same questions:

"Where were you at 8.30 Sunday night?"

"Who was the guy you were with in the speak-easy? Now, come on, no lies, or we'll knock hell out of you."

"Who was in the job with you? . . . Where were you at 8.30 Sunday night? . . . Who was the guy in the speak-easy? . . . Huh! Going to hold out on us, heh?" Whang.

Twelve hours they kept me sitting on

Under the by One who KNOWS THIRD DEGREE



INTERROGATION—the way America does it

that desk. Now and then there would be a whang with the pipe. Now and then two of them would shake me until my teeth chattered, to prevent me dropping to sleep from exhaustion.

Then one of the sob-stuff men said: "Aw, Gee, the poor guy's had enough! Give him a chance. Take him back to his cell for the night and let him have a good rest. He'll sleep on it, and, when we see him to-morrow, why, he'll sure have more sense."

So they took me back to my cell. The echo of their feet hadn't died away down the corridor before a big negro, with an iron bar in his hand, was standing outside my cell.

Maddening tactics

All night long he, or others who relieved him—I was past knowing, or even caring—hammered and banged and rattled with that iron bar against the iron bars of my cell.

I had to fight with myself like a demon to prevent myself shrieking for mercy and confessing to what I had never done, confessing anything, incriminating anybody, swearing my soul away just to end it all.

The next day there were twelve more hours of questioning. Then—for I was lucky—friends outside managed to find out where I was and get a lawyer to me. They daren't go any farther with me after that.

A couple of days later I was discharged—no evidence.

But, when I got home, I found my girl—we're married now—lying on the sofa, with my mother bending over her and dabbing her face with scent. They had let her out of the police station about an hour before me.

She had had thirty hours of the Third Degree herself, and I scarcely recognised her.

Mother thought she'd gone crazy. Her voice had dwindled away to a

whisper and her eyes, mother said, were like the eyes of a hare caught in a trap.

"Oh, boy! oh, boy!" she cried, and there was a sob in her throat but no tears in her eyes. "Don't let them get me again! I can't bear it! I can't bear it! Oh, I can't bear it!"

I learned afterwards they had used the smooth method with her. She was never arrested, never charged with anything. Never even suspected of anything except that she might be able to tell them something of my movements or name some of my friends.

So they took her round to the precinct station and questioned her for thirty hours straight off without a break.

She was game to the core. She loved me and she was innocent. But it took six months for her to recover her health, and, to this day, she is a haunted woman. Even now she sometimes wakes in the night and screams: "I don't know. I can't tell you. Oh, leave me alone!"

Tortured by thirst

I never was able to get her to talk to me about it in detail. All I know is that she suffered no physical violence, except being shaken awake at times.

And I know, too, that when she was nearly crazy with thirst as well as everything else, the sob-stuff "cop" kept saying: "Well, sister, let's break off for a while. What about a little drink?"

But they never did give her a drink—or food—during all those thirty hours, and, when they let her go in the end, they said: "Well, you can beat it this time, sister, but get this into your head—we're going to have you around again to-morrow."

Do I wonder that Violet Sharpe committed suicide? No, I don't. I know that night I came home I should have gone straight out again with a gun and shot the first policeman I saw, if mother hadn't stopped me.



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tonic!



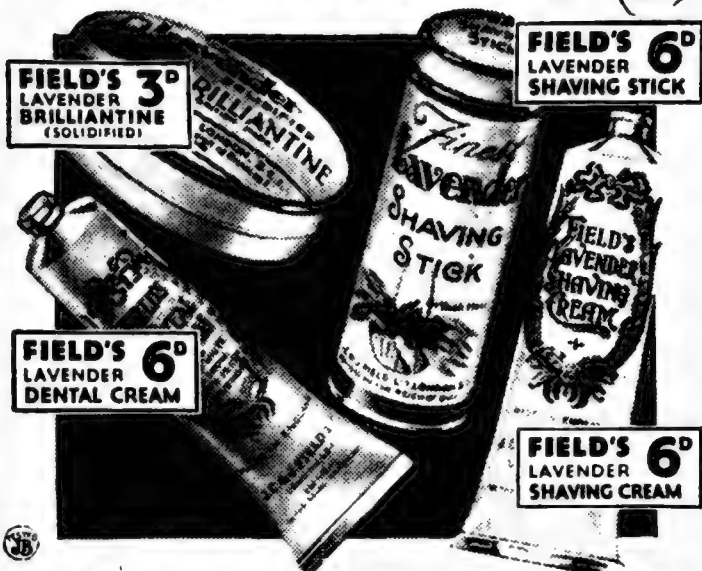
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At the end of the day a tonic bath. A hot bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it! It helps the millions of pores to throw out the toxic waste of the day. It clears your skin, tones your muscles, and calms your nerves. It's a treat and a treatment.

**RECKITT'S
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*Men...DON'T PAY
FANCY PRICES!*



WISE SAVING IS WISE SPENDING

In size and quality these Preparations are in every way equal to articles which you have been accustomed to purchasing at 1/- and 1/6. They are luxuries you can afford—profusely lathering Shaving Sticks and Cream, a perfect solid Brilliantine, refreshing Dental Cream.

On sale at Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers and Woolworth's

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FIELD'S LAVENDER**

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**8^D
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**The Tobacco for
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**DIGGER
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(READY RUBBED)

ALSO
'DIGGER' MIXTURE 'DIGGER' CUT PLUG
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ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LTD.

DOCTORS WHO SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION

Doctors know that most cases of digestive disturbance are due to acidity, so when they themselves get an attack of stomach pain they obtain quick relief by neutralising the acid with a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. If you suffer after eating, if food lies like lead on your stomach, causing distress and keeping you awake at night, take 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals, or whenever pain is felt. It will give you almost immediate relief because it instantly neutralises excess acid, stops food fermentation, and heals your inflamed stomach lining. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or tablets from your chemist to-day, and at once you'll say, with the doctors, that this treatment may be cheap and simple, but for indigestion and stomach disorders there's nothing to beat it anywhere, at any price.

A COVENTRY-BUILT CYCLE is the FINEST MOUNT IN THE WORLD.

Shod with DUNLOP tyres, THREE-SPEED GEAR, CHROMIUM-PLATED finish built by COVENTRY'S skilled engineers. Dozens of different Models including Racers & Sports.

CARRIAGE PAID A kit, including PUMP, TOOLBAG, TOOLS, BELL, ELECTRIC LAMP, CARRIER & REFLECTOR, FREE. Write for Free List NOW.



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THE BIG TWO Every Commission Acknowledged.

REPUTATION COUNTS

REPUTATION counts, especially in the sporting world. The word of a good sportsman, written or spoken, is his bond. Those who have placed commissions with "The Big Two" have proved for themselves that winnings are always sent by return of post, no matter how large the stake or how big the odds. The thirty-five years' reputation of "The Big Two" is a tradition— you never hear anyone doubt their ability or their readiness to pay, and pay promptly.

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DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD., 227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

VETS in the MAKING

IN a drab class-room of a London college a turbaned Indian, his young brow puckered in intense concentration, pores over copy-books filled with notes he has made on plagues that kill camels, as if they were flies, in his far-away homeland.

Near him in this plain room of cracked doors and peeling walls is a youth of even darker complexion than his own who dreams of a day when he will save buffalo herds, and goats, and other domestic animals in the country from which he has come to learn veterinary science.

Passing outside their window is a young woman who wants to bring dogs and cats and chickens and pet birds to health in her own green Derbyshire. She is a veterinary surgeon in the making, and is on her way to the animals' operating theatre.

Here little victims of the London traffic find health and strength again. A name is called—Freddie somebody or other. And just an ordinary little London boy, tears falling down his frightened cheeks, a tousled armful of London mongrel in his arms, advances to the table.

Potential animal doctors

The students, both men and women, who are learning veterinary science, crane forward to watch.

You will see such things as this every day at the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, London, where young people of both sexes from all parts of the Empire come to learn the science that means happiness to our animal friends.

There are 230 men and 50 women studying there at the moment—280 veterinary surgeons of the future. And if the number seems small—well, Professor Hobday, the principal, and veterinary surgeon to the Royal Family, will be the first to tell you that it is.

In America they are producing every year one veterinary surgeon for every 120,000 of the population. In this country it is one for every 500,000.

Before you blame anybody look round the college, see the 140 years old walls propped up with timbers, see the block that has been condemned by the London County Council as unsafe. This Lister Institute of the animal world is doing miracles with its limited funds, but it cannot perform magic.

But the work goes on.



"... a turbaned Indian puckers his young brow"—in the anatomical department of the Royal Veterinary College

buffaloes in British India, 500,000 camels, 62,000,000 sheep and goats, 3,200,000 horses, mules and dogs—and only a hundred trained veterinary men, only fifty of them having the degree M.R.C.V.S. that this Indian youth has come thousands of miles to obtain.

Havoc workers

Anthrax, rinderpest, foot-and-mouth disease, septic hæmorrhage, rabies, with its peril to human beings, and the various fevers are playing havoc in their turn. Things are so serious that a commission recommends an immediate increase of veterinary staff to 300 qualified vets, and 6,000 veterinary assistants—the very least that is required.

But what can you do when the Royal Veterinary College is falling down—is actually in danger of closing down?

After rinderpest, surra. An Oriental student is busy with his pencil again, learning about surra, that dread disease of camels, and camel pox. He knows what they mean to the poor and lowly transport folk in his desert country.

£25,000 needed

The wider employment of anaesthetics in animal operations throughout the world is largely due to the surgeons who work in this little hospital, where no animal is ever operated on unless it is made completely insensible to everything that happens. If that was all the Royal Veterinary College ever did, it would be great.

But it is a mere ten-thousandth part. And the young students who are there now are going back to their countries to tell the world so, and prove it by their loving work for animals.

And should it be possible to raise the £25,000 that is immediately necessary if the college's work is to go on, those young students will help it themselves with subscriptions from their own first earnings as veterinary surgeons. They have promised.

THE KING'S HELP for Sick Animals

THE King has joined his people, in the great national drive to save the Royal Veterinary College, by presenting £100 to the fund.

JOHN BULL readers who want to show their love for dumb creatures and take part in the scheme that gives them an opportunity to win £15,000 must hurry.

The last days of the nation-wide appeal are here. You have not a moment to lose.

Your sixpence has enormous power to-day both to make the animals' sanctuary safe, and to multiply itself into £15,000 for your happiness, independence and comfort.

But the time that remains is short. The great contest closes on Saturday, July 2. Turn to pages 2 and 3 and make up your mind to help—and win £15,000.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Now for the "ECLIPSE"!

WHEN that famous horse Bendigo won the first Eclipse Stakes over forty years ago he credited his owner with £9,000. The prize to be won at Sandown Park this year is in the region of £13,000. Cameronian and Goyescas will be the star turns.

Besides going to Ascot on Gold Cup day to see the long-distance event, I had hoped to see Cameronian and Goyescas meet, but, as so often happens at the Royal meeting, the brilliant four-year-olds side-stepped each other.

Lord Astor has a splendid record in the Eclipse. He won the race with Buchanan in successive years. Craig an Eran followed up Buchanan's victories for his lordship, and, two years later, Saltash was a bolt from the blue. The latter was a 20 to 1 chance, with Bold and Bad, also from the Manton stable, a hot favourite.

In the meantime, the June Rose Handicap and the Wellington Handicap are due to be run on the Esher track. Owners appear to be a bit shy of one another in

the first-named race, for thirty-two horses, out of an entry of forty-three, paid forfeit. Galhampton has the best chance of those left in.

The Wellington Handicap is more open, but Gold Bridge is nicely treated.

I have been told that Cornette is going to win shortly. Braime's six-year-old is engaged in the Wolsey Handicap.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 23, to Wednesday, June 29.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F

S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

MK096YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

SWR94Z2 would read ORWELL.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL! DON'T SUFFER FROM CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Remarkable Results of New Blood Treatment!



Free From Torturing Piles After 30 Years' Suffering.

The supply of Elasto recently used by me has proved to be the best of all the remedies I have tried. It gets to the spot in twenty-four hours; the free sample alone had that effect, but the larger quantity had a wonderful result.

For nearly thirty years I have had piles in their most painful, complicated and inconvenient form, and despaired of ever being free from the attendant suffering and depression. Then Elasto came to my aid and cured me.

I am sending this letter as a message of hope to other sufferers.

(Signed) A. W. JONES,
76, Patshull Road, Kentish Town, N.W.3.

Now Free from Pain After 30 years of Agony.

Having suffered from varicose veins for thirty years I cannot tell you how grateful I am for Elasto. I was in such terrible pain I had had no rest for about three weeks when I decided to give Elasto a trial. My husband and friends soon saw a difference in me and I persevered with the treatment. Now I do not wear bandages, I do not feel any pain and can walk as well as ever I did. Should you think this letter would encourage other sufferers I would like you to use it as I feel so grateful for what Elasto has done for me.

(Signed) Mrs. ELLIOTT,
33, Western Road, Maidstone, Kent.

Had to Give up Work.

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Yours gratefully,
(Signed) A. S. BOWDEN.

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ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

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The only correct solution in X-Word Competition No. 169 was received from:

Miss M. Sargent, 15, Davenant Road, Upper Holloway, N.19,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £2,000.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 25th, sending £1 scrutiny fee, copy of solution and Postal Order number. Envelope to be resealed, marked "SCUTINY" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £20 to Eumeneus-up. This prize has been divided between the following four competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £12 10s. 6d. —

W. Ed. 18, Church St., Bradshaw, Bolton; M. McDermott, 61, Wilson Av., Southampton; J. Vernon, 116, King Street, Knutsford; Mrs. C. A. Woods, 37, High Oak Rd., Ware, Herts.

Another splendid X-Word with a First Prize of £3 a Week for Life or £1,000 cash and £50 to be divided between the runners-up appears on Page 22. Try your skill now.

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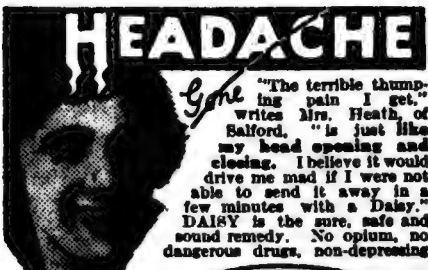
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Mother's BEST Advice to ME

MY father, when he'd had a drink too many, was a brute, and used to thrash mother. After one terrible scene, he left the house, and I put my arms round her neck to stop her weeping. She looked at me, and said: "Son, some day you will be a man. Never make a woman cry." I was about ten at the time, but that heart-cry has been my golden rule ever since. God counts a woman's tears, and some day He will compel a reckoning from those who cause unnecessary weeping.—R. W., *Notis*.

Only a "Skivvy"

Just those few words which once I scorned: "Go into domestic service, kid, and stick to it." I did, and when I see so many young people now, only to be described as street-walkers or dole-drawers, lolling about our towns, who have been thrown out of factory or workshop, I bless my old mum for her advice, and thank God I'm not ashamed to be just a "skivvy."—P. H., *Norwich*.

Simple Wisdom

"Take care of yourself." What wisdom and meaning is conjured up in these few simple words. Their simplicity and far-reaching effect conveyed far more to me than any lecturing would have done. Many a time, when temptation has come my way, I have turned over these words in my mind, and renewed hope has been the outcome.

Incidentally, by taking care of myself, I have unconsciously taken care of my mother, by obviating anxiety and worry I might otherwise have caused had I refused to listen to such practical and wise advice.—H. Hold, *Colchester*.

Golden Apples

My mother's best advice to me was to cultivate the habit of church-going. Bible reading and prayer.

Some may think this old-fashioned and narrow, and too goody-goody for these days, but I have found her words to be like "apples of gold in baskets of silver."

Experience has shown me that when life was too much for me I had wonderful sources of solace and strength by following mother's advice.—E. H., *Salop*.

Seize It

"Whenever an opportunity occurs which will lead to better things seize it—and use it. But whenever an opportunity occurs to hurt anyone, by word or deed, seize that also—and strangle it."

It has proved excellent advice, and I have successfully advanced in life through its application.—H. D., *Glam*.

Deadly Sin

My mother hated snobbery. "If you want true friends," she often advised me, "never choose your companions by their dress, for character lies deeper than that." I have inherited much of my mother's



"Mother knows best"—they realise its truth now in the years that have followed . . .

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

feelings on this matter. I should place snobbery in the forefront of our deadly sins.

It appeals to all that is vain and selfish in an individual and creates divisions and social cliques that are definitely harmful to society.—D. H., *Portsmouth*.

Keep Faith

Keep a stiff upper lip in all circumstances. Never "do" anybody, and if, unfortunately, you happen to be "done," don't let this shatter your faith in human nature.

Treat your fellow-man as a friend until you prove him to be an enemy, and then put forth every effort to win his friendship.—D. G., *Essex*.

Woman's Job

On my wedding-day my mother gave me the following advice: It is the woman's job to make her home a safe anchorage for those she loves. Keep the entrance clear of the wreckage of misunderstanding. Make your man welcome with a smile at the end of the day.

Make your man glad to reach his own front gate. Keep the home a peaceful

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The trophies and medals were then presented."

THE HAPPY MAG:—"Bill, waiting with ears akimbo, heard her light step in the passage."

DAILY MAIL:—"A dull dress debate on the measure will take place on Friday week."

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"I could have got away but I heard my MUTE shouting."

SCOTTISH BUTCHERS' JOURNAL:—"They set about the floundering creatures with sharp knives, and proceeded to remove their SINS."

SHIELDS GAZETTE AND SHIPPING TELEGRAPH:—"The statesman, who was once an engine-driver, will tell something of the struggles that brought him from the footplate to the CLARINET SOLOS."

harbour that he'll be glad to stay on the inside of it and loth to sail away again in the morning.

Do this and you will have lived up to your marriage vows.—Mrs. T., *Weymouth*.

Old Friends Best

"You will soon be leaving home to commence life in a new country. Be courteous to all, but always remember that old friends are best. Do not forget to write home regularly."

"Open your purse and your mouth cautiously. Be diligent in business, and punctual in your habits. Cheerfulness is health, so cultivate a positive mind. Thus you will persevere longer, obtain good results, and be a credit to your family."

Many years have passed. I have travelled over many seas and have visited strange lands, but I have never forgotten mother's best advice.—J. S. S., *Ibrox*.

Could I?

A wayward stripling of eighteen, I joined the Army during the War. My mother looked earnestly at me before I left home, and said:

"Laddie, here is the best advice I can give you. Never visit any place to which you would not take me. Never do anything you would not do if I were with you."

These few words kept me straight in Flanders. Would I visit the "Red Lamp" with my mother? Could I roll down the road drunk with my mother on my arm?—F. J. Neath-Lane, *Kent*.

No Creditors

"Keep out of debt. What you can't afford to pay for you can't afford to have. Buying on credit leads to extravagance. When paying ready money you get the best value at the lowest price."

I am glad to say I heeded my mother, and to-day, after twenty-six years of married life, educating a family and having various ups and downs, I have a comfortable home, a happy and healthy family, and owe nobody a farthing.—"Honest," *Manchester*.

"Always try to make friends with those who know more than yourselves."—J. J. Gateshead.

"My son, treat other girls as you would wish your sisters to be treated."—W. E. Bournemouth.

On my wedding-day my mother told me to "keep courting" during my future married life.—G. G., *Peterborough*.

"Never do anything without your hubby knowing. Don't incur debts and live beyond your means. Let him share all your joys and troubles." I took her advice and I am a happy wife.—"Grateful," *Dowlais*.

"Work hard, play hard, and always be a gentleman."—T. F. Dixon, *Yorks*.

Life has given me many hard blows—penniless, homeless and friendless—but mother's advice, "Never give in," will help me out to the end of the road.—R. Gore, *Wigan*.

"Whenever a kindness is shown, never forget to say 'Thank you.'"—R. S. W. Lanes.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject above, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 28.

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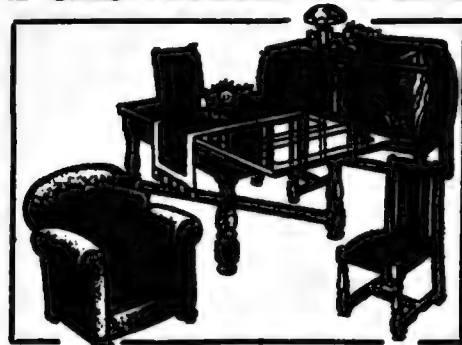
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PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/6 per 1,000. Memos, Duplicate Books, Catalogues, etc. Samps. 3d. post.—Meads, Room 60, Sandy Beds.

WALLPAPERS, from Mills, from 21d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 8), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

SHAVE with a Smile. 3d. Quid. Hollow-ground Razor Blades, 3-hole type, 2/- post free. Trade supplied.—Brocco Supply Co., 40, Edward St., Sheffield.

THE FAMOUS "Amprico" Watches for Men now obtainable for 1/- down. See advertisement at foot of page 14.

28/- BUYS a complete double-bed size bale of bedding. Every purchaser receives a free gift of Quilt and Stockings.—One of the bargains in this week's "Shop Window," page 14.

CYCLISTS! Unpuncturable Tyres for 3 11. Messrs. Moorhouses again repeat their trial price offer in the "Shop Window," page 14.

BRITISH-MADE Bedchairs 19/6 each! Fitted with 3 velvet cord cushions and patent spring seat. This bargain is fully described and illustrated in the "Shop Window," page 14.

FREEMANS CASH
OR
CREDIT
CELEBRATED SPARE TIME
AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents. Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited. **LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.**

FREE.—A helping hand to home buyers is provided in the latest Bargain Catalogue of Modern Furniture offered FREE in return for the coupon by JAY'S FURNISHING STORES in the large advert. on this page. Send the coupon now.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6. Kits, parts, Repairs. 64-pp. Ill. drawings 3d. Regentbuil, 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

WIRELESS.

FREE.—A luxury wireless set or components of equivalent value. Wonderful offer to introduce the Radioladdin Club (Dept. J.B.), 47-48, Berners St., Ldn.—Write for parties. (encl. 1d. stamp).

MARKETING BY POST.

TEAS. Indian and Ceylon, specially blended. 4 lb. 4/8, 4 lb. 5/4, 4 lb. 5/6, 4 lb. 7/4, 4 lb. 8/4, cart. post. Special quotations for larger quantities. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

TEA.—Wholesale 9d. lb. in 50-lb. Chests. 19 lb. 8/6. Best 2/- Tea, 10 lb. for 12/6. Ind. and Ceylon Blend 5 lb. 7/6. Carr. and samples free. SIZER, 182/4, Roman Road, BOW, E.3.

TEA.—Buy Empire Crown Tea direct from Actual Blender. Save Money. Write for Free Samples.—C. Mead, 58, Parnell Rd., London, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 30/- 75 Home-made garments. Worth 5/6. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannelette, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES. 75-piece home-made Layette for 30/-. Everything needed and Free Gift of a Maternity Belt or Dressing Jacket. Send only 1/6 for parcel on appro. (See my other advt., page 14).—Mrs. Sturges, 133, Wellingsborough Road, Northampton.

BOND STREET models on easy payments. A sample bargain is announced by COROT on page 30. Simply fill in the coupon for free fashion guide and full details, or send a p.c., but be sure to write to Dept. J.B.406.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Waverley Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 11d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 24-26, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots' etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Spl. 3d.

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA.—Our New Scientific Remedy kills these irritating Skin Diseases completely while you sleep. Immediate relief. Send for Free Booklet, Ridalex (Chemists), Ltd., Dept. J., 242, Lytham Road, Blackpool, S.8.

RHEUMATISM: NIAPON (Tablets). The New Scientific Compound. A real remedy. Test it. You will experience the benefit after one or two doses. 1/3 per bottle, post free.—THE LABORATORY, 680, ROMFORD ROAD, E.12, or any chemist.

RUPTURED? Elastic appliances with "Compolastic unobtainable pads: best quality, single 12s. 6d., double 17s. Send for illustrated list, post free. C. A. MACBETH (J.B.10), 124, St. John's Hill, London, S.W.11.

A FREE SAMPLE OF "ELASTO", the new blood treatment for bad legs and all circulatory diseases, together with a special free booklet, will be sent to readers on application to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd., Dept. 15, Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. Do not overlook the advt. on page 29, which contains this offer.

THE modern method of taking Glauber Salts is announced on page 34. In tasteless tablet form, **DR. BROOK'S GLAUBER SALT TABLETS** can be obtained from chemists, or by sending remittance to the address given in the advt.

A FREE SUPPLY OF "MAN-ZAN" is offered to sufferers from Hemorrhoids in the advt. on page 32. Simply send a p.c. with name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd., Dept. R.10, Croydon, Surrey.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU need "HEALTH & STRENGTH". Try it free!—Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS. Give Yourself a treat. Improved flavours. Buy DUKE'S.

FREE.—£50 first prize and hundreds of other cash prizes offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA CHEESE" for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. Read conditions carefully and send in your entry now for this simple competition. Note closing date, Friday, July 1, 1932.

FREE.—7 days' sample tube of "EUTHYMOL" TOOTH PASTE. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 25.

WRITE to A. S. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool, for a copy of an illustrated booklet, "The Blackpool Holiday Journal," describing the attractions of this wonderful Holiday Resort. It's FREE. Mention John Bull when writing. Further particulars appear in the L.M.S. advt. on the Back Cover.

FREE.—Women readers can obtain a de luxe beauty outfit, containing popular shades of **TOKALON SKIN FOODS**, by sending 3d. in stamps to cover postage, etc. to Tokalon, Ltd., Dept. 23L, Chase Road, London, N.W.10. This offer appears in the advt. on page 29.

GOOD-BYE CORNS

The New **TRIPLE-OXYGENATED**
REUDEL BATH SALTRATES
acts like magic.

Corns and callouses contain no nerves or blood-vessels. In fact, the upper layers are dead. It is not the top that causes pain; it is the core which extends down into the toe and jabs on sensitive nerves. Cutting the top off or burning it off with caustics is wasting time. Also, it is dangerous. Instead of such temporary expedients, soak your feet in the triple-oxygenated water which can be prepared only by adding some 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' to

The packet has been enlarged by 25% (4-lb. to 10 ozs.) price still only 1/6.

a bowl of hot water. This will so soften corns that they are easily lifted out, root and all. Any chemist can now supply the triple-oxygenated 'Reudel.' Satisfaction or money back.



FREE to sufferers from Haemorrhoids

If you are a victim of painful pile trouble you are asked to test Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy free of cost. This is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. Imagine the joy of being rid for ever of your nerve-destroying irritation, your constant pain. When you have used your free test supply, ask your chemist for a 3/- supply of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy, or send direct to the manufacturers (see below), who will supply your requirements, price 3/-, post free, in plain wrapper. Sold in tubes, with special applicator, making this wonderful balm clean and easy to use.

For free supply (sent in plain wrapper) send postcard with name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R. 10), Croydon, Surrey.

STOMACH TROUBLE

NEVER FREE FROM PAIN



Mrs. Towse, 24, Middle Walk, Northsea, Scarborough writes: "Having suffered for years from a Weak Stomach, I was never free from pain except when lying down. I used to dread going out, and was for over two years always ill—on and off. We read about Vitadatio, and of the good it had done, and my husband got me a bottle. Having taken about eight bottles, I am now a different person; life is worth living, and I am free from pain."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 8/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armlow, Leeds. V164.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

WIN A FINE 'JOHN BULL' LIFE PENSION

£2 A WEEK OR £1,000 FOR LIFE

£50 Cash FOR RUNNERS-UP

OVER £31,000 ALREADY WON THIS YEAR BY SOLVERS OF 'JOHN BULL'S' AMUSING PUZZLES

"JOHN BULL" will pay £2 a week for Life or £1,000 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 7th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 14th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, June 30th.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares.) Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 14th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 26th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared £1,000 cash will be paid instead of dividing pension. 5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified. 6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification. 7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

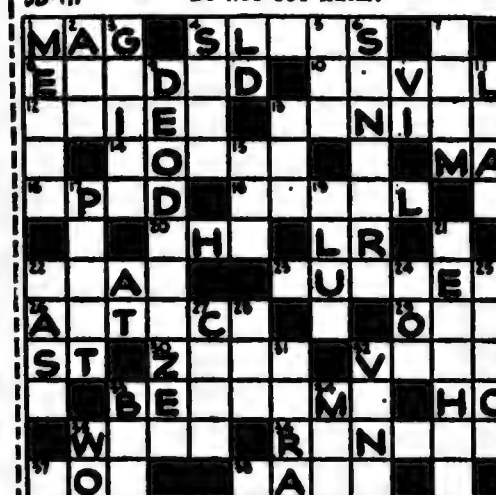
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE } See Rule 1.
With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING

ENTRY FEE.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 171



DO NOT CUT HERE.



DO NOT CUT HERE.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

Closing Thursday (noon), June 30.

IF ENTERING TWO DOUBLE ENTRY FORMS, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ANOTHER BIG SUCCESS FOR WOMAN X-WORD ENTRANT!

See No. 168 Result on Page 29.

CLUES ACROSS.

- Chatter.
- Are often passed at street corners.
- Escaped by stratagem.
- Adversary.
- Foreigner.
- Very aged.
- One may do this to a claim.
- Speeded.
- Artist's drawing rests on this.
- Electrical unit.
- Untruthful person.
- They provide pick-pocket's opportunity.
- Curious capers.
- Cereal.
- Enthusiasm.
- Prohibit.
- At this time one retires.
- Broad.
- Arranged.
- Ship's knots go down in this.
- Earnestly long for.

CLUES DOWN.

- They help us to subsist.
- Everything.
- Needed on crooked path.
- Dispatch.
- Prefix meaning "before."
- Parson likes to have them in church.
- Pacific island provides this.
- With unpleasant smell removed.
- Seen in tea chest.
- The ocean.
- Precious stone.
- Builders do, when renovating.
- Leaves its mark behind.
- Popular symbol, if white.
- Stick to your!
- Garden implement.
- What audience did, when King arrived.
- Give up.
- Took a seat.
- Italian coin.
- An opening.
- Large.
- Flapper's quarry.

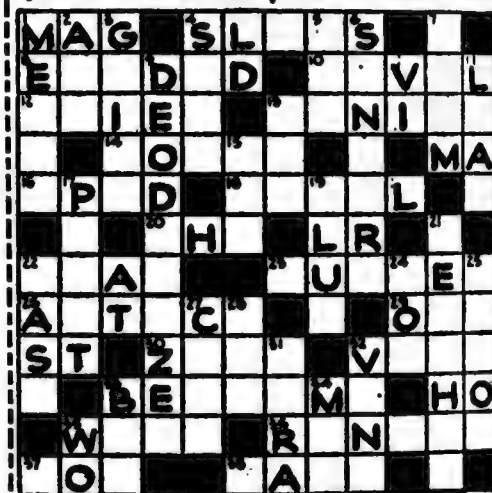
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharen' Newsagents.

THIS CONTEST CLOSSES
Noon, Thursday, June 30

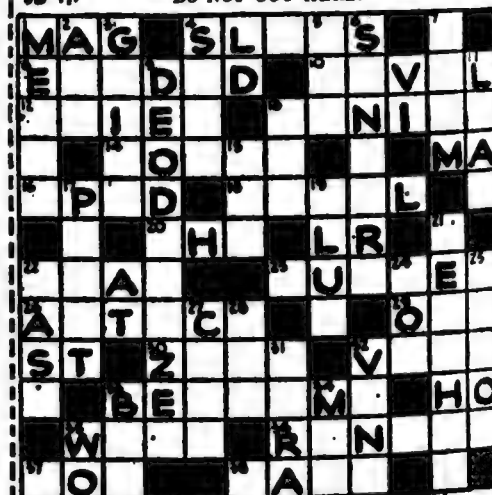
ADDRESS ENTRY:

"John Bull"
Crossword No. 171,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 171



DO NOT CUT HERE.



DO NOT CUT HERE.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

COMING NEXT—STAGGERING X-WORD LIFE PENSION OF £6 A WEEK!

The Editor LAUGHS Last



L. B. (Windsor).—"There has been an epidemic of burglaries by women in a London suburb." Many householders are taking the precaution of leaving a couple of mice loose in the hall at night.

D. O. (Poplar).—"I bought a new hat for a mere song." And your husband provided the notes?

E. M. (Holland Park).—"My cook is really a wonder." A nine-days wonder at the most, we suppose.

Mrs. W. (Glasgow).—"Some grocers are selling butter at 9d. a pound. Is it fair?" Is it butter?

M. L. (London).—"Every healthy man likes to be out as soon as he can on a fine day." Unless he is a cricketer.

T. M. (Grendon).—"My letter-writing gets better every day." Then write to us again in about twenty years.

Bos (Wivenhoe).—"I never look twice at an unintelligent face." Do you shave in the dark?

PRODUCER (Sidcup).—"In the latest West End show the orchestra is hidden in the roof." Cowards.

L. P. (Elsdon).—"Why do spinsters live longer than married women?" While there's hope, there's life.

W. S. (Carbury).—"Should not pillon-rick be prohibited?" No, it's well for girls to take a back seat sometimes.

HARD UP (Dacre).—"Is it a sin to be poverty-stricken?" No, that's why it's so unpopular.

D. H. (Chicago).—"Nothing seems to worry these gangsters." They certainly take life easily.

K. M. (Lichfield).—"My wife and I cannot decide what to call our new baby." Why not just call him "the boss" from the start?

P. D. (Malvern).—"Does anybody know how to make trains move off at a high speed?" We do. We just rush on to the platform to catch them.

T. F. (Andover).—"A man who takes somebody else's money will be sorry for it the rest of his life." Bookmakers are in for a dismal time.

J. M. (Macclesfield).—"Clothes still make the man in nine cases out of ten." And scarcity of clothes the modern woman.

P. M. (Leeds).—"Four times last week I was mistaken for a famous politician." A plastic surgeon should soon be able to put that right.

D. P. (Southend).—"The present state of the country is enough to make any politician think." Well, that's something.

DOCTOR (Kensington).—"If a woman has watery eyes, it means she is in bad health." Or that she wants some new clothes.

ARTHUR (Hurlingham).—"My wife used to be very nervous but is now quite cured." We suppose the doctor told her it was the sign of age.

Mrs. C. (Brighton).—"It was a surprising come-down for me when I married." Had you been up on the shelf so long?

LECTURER (Cambridge).—"Nothing can stop a man climbing straight to the top if he is really determined." What about a spiral staircase?

J. M. (Sutton).—"After a jolly weekend at Brighton, everything seems larger on returning to town." Especially one's overdraft.

F. M. (Bolton).—"I caught my foot in the carpet, lost my balance, and fell to the ground." Well, that's the usual order.

POE (Evershot).—"What must I do when my wife quarrels with my mother?" Preserve an alarmed neutrality.

MEDIUM (Warrington).—"I have just received a communication from Julius Caesar." Another postal delay?

C. P. (Morecambe).—"I fear I am losing my power of amusing anyone." You seem able to entertain a doubt.

J. S. (Manchester).—"I never call my wife's mother anything but Mrs. Brown." We admire your restraint.

T. K. (Droitwich).—"Do you know the animal of which even the lion is afraid?" We have a fairly good idea—the lioness.

TOM (Dunbar).—"I've been wanting to write this letter badly." You've succeeded.

NATURALIST (Ealing).—"Fish are not plucky creatures." But a fried sole very often has a lot of backbone.

PATRIOT (Taplow).—"We must put Britain in the van." And not in the cart.

P. B. (Kew).—"My rheumatism is now cured." You must miss not being able to tell when it's going to rain.

H. G. (Salford).—"When the children are playing indoors I can't hear myself speak." We don't suppose you miss much.

LIZZIE (Eastbourne).—"I am making a name for myself." So do most Lizzies when they go to the seaside.

T. M. (Truro).—"Sometimes I think you misjudge me." If the first three words are correct, we do.

T. M. (Colne).—"A lot of English composers write tunes for American jazz songs." Then why are they not used?



RUTH (Leeds).—"I am giving a party on my twenty-first birthday next week." Are you inviting the same people again?

D. M. (Daventry).—"I hesitated for a long time before writing this letter." But not long enough.

L. S. (Doncaster).—"How is the average talkie produced?" We cannot say. What we should like to know is why?

Mrs. H. (Carshalton).—"I have some china I want to get rid of." Why not get a maid?

ACTOR (Marlow).—"Can you mention one solitary entertainment that is now a roaring success?" The Zoo.

ARTIST (Matlock).—"Who, more than us, can be said to be getting a hand-to-mouth living?" Dentists.

PATRIOT (Goole).—"Do not we all owe something to our country?" Not all, the income-tax people are too wide awake.

G. M. (Hull).—"First I held her hand, and then she held mine." It sounds like a couple of misdeeds.

M. O. (Hayes).—"Who was it said we are really quadrupeds and ought to walk on all fours for our health's sake?" Probably a bootmaker.

W. L. (Birkenhead).—"It is predicted that in 2032 A.D. the population of London will be stationary." At present, of course, it is only stationary during rush hours.

B. J. (Jersey).—"Summer has arrived at last!" It's been raining here, too.

R. W. M. (Baker Street).—"Are the Scots a dying race?" We doubt it, in spite of the fact that living is very expensive nowadays.

T. G. (Aldershot).—"Too much marching in the sun is very dangerous to young soldiers." It is not half so perilous as strolling in the moonlight.

MISS KATZ (Ealing).—"I have just learnt what bullion is." That's capital.

DOIS (Yarmouth).—"I have fallen in love with the landlady's son, William." But wait until you see her other Bill.

D. S. (Perth).—"Is it true that convicts in certain prisons are being allowed to cultivate plants?" Yes, but not those of the wall-climbing variety.

ALICE (Plymouth).—"I wrote this article while on a boat in order to get the correct atmosphere." You succeeded; we felt completely at sea while reading it.

JOAN (Daventry).—"Will you deny that the modern girl has her daydreams?" Well, she doesn't get much time for them at nights, does she?

GEORGE (Crewe).—"What have we, in the busy weekdays, to remind us of the glories of the week-end?" Well, for one thing, we have rissoles.

HIKER (Carlisle).—"What are the absolute essentials for a hiking expedition?" A courageous spirit at the beginning, and a railway time-table at the end.

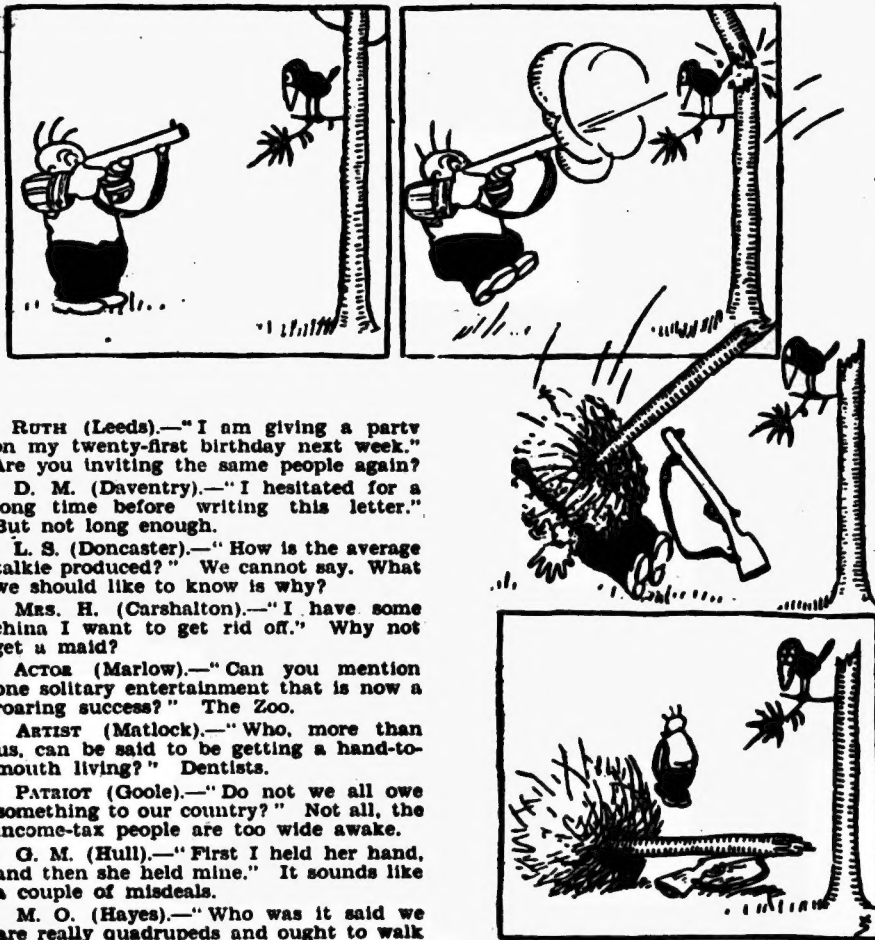
A. J. S. (Kidderminster).—"What are the seven wonders of the world?" Well, just at the moment they are the Seven Giant Prizes finally announced on pages 34 and 35. Win your choice by July 2.

V. D. (Yarmouth).—"This boarding-house is an ideal one. Plenty of good food, no extras and a charming landlady." How long have you been running it?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.



Adamson:
Fire-wood!

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY DAY

Two well-known Specialists in recent articles, both emphasised the vital importance of water for assisting the body to prevent and resist disease. To keep in good health every man and woman should drink a glass of hot water each morning on rising, but those troubled with sick headache, biliousness, bad complexion, furred tongue or general depression, should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate to cleanse and purify the system and flush away from the liver and bowels the uric acid, sour fermentation and poisonous waste that collects. Sufferers from constipation, biliousness and liver disorders, as well as those troubled with rheumatism, indigestion, and minor ailments of all kinds should get a quarter pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate, costing but two shillings from any chemist. If a little is taken daily in a glass of hot water this will prove a sure way of subduing uric acid, cleansing the liver and bowels and thus maintaining vigorous health.



EVEN GASTRIC ULCERS YIELD TO THIS NEW TREATMENT

THESE last few months doctors have found that even gastric and duodenal ulcers yield to what is known as the Maclean Formula, the cure for indigestion now used in the Clinics of the leading London Hospitals.

There have proved in case after case that it is an almost infallible cure for ordinary indigestion. Acid stomach, wind, flatulence—all these troubles cease overnight.

But now you can get this Maclean Formula ready packed for your own use. Now you can take this simple, certain step to end the pain and discomfort which makes so many lives a misery.

Just go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact Formula which the doctors have proved.

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand powder see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 1/3 and 2/- cartons, the latter containing double the quantity, and family size 5/-. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

Here's a chance to save shop-keepers' profits by buying your cycle from Coventry's

LARGEST WHOLESALE CYCLE WAREHOUSE

Hundreds of cycles of all kinds, many fitted with STURMEY ARCHER three-speed gears and DUNLOP TYRES. Approval willingly. As an advertisement, a 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON will be given to all who WRITE FOR MY FREE CATALOGUE.

Chas. Robey

COVENTRY

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(4826), 88, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(4826), Milton Chambers, Milton St., Manchester.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please write plainly.)

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3
MOST WONDERFUL CYCLE OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

DUNLOP MAGNUM

RASTER TYRES, WIND GUARD.

STURMEY-ARCHER

WORLD-FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.

DUNLOP MAGNUM

CONICAL SPRING WATERPROOF SADDLE.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN

Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, etc., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined, (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector, Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan.

Lady's & Gent's Model, same price **£5.16.3**

Terms: Send only 7/6 with order, and 14 monthly payments of 7/6. Fullist Approval.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE.

We have other remarkable Cycle Bargains including Graves

Single-Speed Cycle fitted with Dunlop Roadster Tyres.

Renold Chain, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, complete & Carriage

Paid, Ladies' or Gent's Model £8.10.0. Terms: 6/- now and

6/- monthly; also Graves 'Speed King' Club Model,

weight about 20lb; fitted with Dunlop Sports Tyres, Renold

Chain, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. Complete and

Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's £4.17.6. Terms: 6/- monthly;

Graves All-Weather 3-Speed Cycle £8.17.6. Terms: 6/- monthly;

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THE NEW HEALTH GIVING GLAUBER SALTS TASTELESS TABLETS

Compounded of five ingredients. These tablets will take off in Nature's own way pounds of needless weight, banish Constipation, indigestion, Rheumatism, etc. Doctors recommend them. They simply work wonders. Just try them.

D. I. BROOKS
GLAUBER TABLETS

from all Chemists and Stores, including Boots, Taylor's, etc., 7/6, 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or post free by sending the price to

WESTMINSTER LABORATORIES, LTD.
4/12, Palmer Street, London, S.W.1.

YOUR CHOICE OF SEVEN

WIN WHICH ENORMOUS 'BULLETS' FIRST YOU PREFER

£6 A WEEK FOR LIFE

£25 A WEEK FOR LIFE AND £500

RUN your eye along the Seven Sensational Prizes which overwhelm these pages. Let it linger on whichever staggering award would best suit your needs. And then realise that a few well-chosen words, fitted together in a spare half-hour this evening, may bring that Ideal Prize to you!

"Which First will you have?" is the question which JOHN BULL may shortly be asking you. A difficult choice to make, indeed, since any of these seven colossal awards would bring security for life, contentment and happiness to any man or woman.

But you would consider the comparative advantages of a huge Life Pension, a colossal lump sum and the various combinations of Pension and Cash—and give your decision without delay.

"What about those Bullets of yours?" That is the question to which JOHN BULL asks to-day for your speedy

ONLY UNTIL SAT., JULY 2,
CAN YOU CAPTURE YOUR
IDEAL PRIZE!

Last few days to enter your "Bullets"

reply. Unless you answer it promptly, you will be leaving for somebody else the joy of replying to that thrilling wire on Friday, July 15.

Moreover, JOHN BULL will add to the First Prize of your choice a Record Bonus of £500 if by Saturday, July 2, you have joined the regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin*, the free aid to a First

which the coupon on this page will bring you for twelve weeks to come.

Sit down this evening and tackle those interesting Examples on the opposite page. With the explicit instructions provided, you will soon get into the swing of making *Bullets*.

Enter them on the coupons provided, to arrive not later than Saturday, July 2, post off your *Bulletin* registration also, and the finest reward for a *Bullet* which June has ever brought may soon bring you the thrill of a life-time and independence for life.

573 CASH PRIZES AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000, COMPETITION No. 852:

Mr. F. BURTON, 16, Alpe Street, Ipswich.

Example:—CLIMBING THE TREE

Bullet:—ASPIDISTRA—PRIVET—SHRUBBERY—PARK.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mrs. A. POWELL, 80, Bedford Road, Rock Ferry, Ches.

Example:—Taking Courage

Bullet:—I'll Lick Ill Luck.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. E. DYER, 18, Upton Road, Newport, Mon.

Example:—Gentle Reminder

Bullet:—Of Woman's "Calling," Baby's

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

S. DAVIES, 50, Dale Street, Crosby, Scunthorpe.

For the Best—Behaviour, Sonny Charges

Twopence.

J. DEBY, 16, Station Road, Carlton, Nottingham.

Gentle Reminder—"Candle's" Burning.

Birthday Cake.

Mrs. M. DIMALINE, Barnby Dun, nr. Doncaster.

Granny's Opinion—"Sickening"—Unless

Baby is

Miss P. DUNCAN, 5, Station Road, Cor-

storphine, N.B.

Outpost of Empire—Little Bungalow—Large

Flagstaff.

Miss P. ECCLES, 2, Bk. Ferry Road, Barrow-in-

Furness.

Climbing The Tree—"Distinguished Man's"

Early Days.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. M. FOSTER, 6, Derwent Street, Scar-

borough.

When Dad Goes Shopping—Makes "Selec-

tions"—Ignores "Prices."

T. GEORGE, Georgeville, Tredgar, Mon.

On Her Feet Again—And Washing—Doctor

Collapses.

S. GIBSON, Borough Street, Kegworth, Derby.

Climbing The Tree—"Man"—Realised

"Gun" Useless.

C. OAKES, 24, Oswaldthorpe Avenue, Bradford.

Taking Courage—World—Watching Britannia

"Swimming."

G. A. WIGLEY, 106, Marmion Road, Southsea.

Reluctantly—World Learns "Simple Arith-

metic."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

M. BEATON, Masonic Buildings, New Steven-

son, Holytown, N.B.

Heard At The Aerodrome—"Noon Saloon,

Moon!" Soon.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. BURGESS, C.M.H. Cheddleton, nr. Leek,

Staffs.

To Break The Monotony—Quarrel—But Broke

Engagement!

Miss H. FISHER, 15, Derby Street, Glasgow.

Man Who's Busy—"Hands" Versus

Clock's!

C. HOLLINS, 87, Middleton Road, King's Heath,

Birmingham.

My Complaint—Factory "Wicket" My

"Boundary."

Miss A. KEMP, Goodnestone, Canterbury.

To Break The Monotony—Stop "Hammering

Away" Occasionally.

C. ASHLEY KNIGHT, 19, Gosforth Road, South-

port.

When Dad Goes Shopping—Forgets

"Errand," Meeting "Boys."

A. MOORE, 2, The Terrace, North Walsham.

Heard At The Aerodrome—Pity Neighbour-

hood's Comments Aren't!

Miss C. M. PRICE, St. Winifred's, Neville Road,

Rottingdean, Sussex.

Man Who's Busy—"Gaining Weight"

Through "Activity."

H. ROWLETT, 131, North Street, Keighley.

Leading—My "Runners," "Allotment

Derby."

F. TAYLOR, 50, Warrington Avenue, Slough.

Stopped The Fight—"Give Him One, Sandy!"

A Hat of 50 Ibs. and 500 2/6 prize-winners can

be seen at these offices. All Prizes have been

posted.

REFERENDUM RESULT.—The above award of

the first £1,000 in prize-money has been made in

view of the fact that it was the choice of

59.8% of winners in our Referendum Contest.

EXTRA £500 FOR ACCEPTING FREE HELP!

THE motorist needs

a map, the

tourist needs a

guide-book, the

traveller needs a

time-table—and you

need *Bullets Bul-*

letin.

How can you refuse

this free weekly

budget of *Bullets*

assistance when

winner after winner

adds his tribute to

its aid?

"My little pal has

been *Bullets Bul-*

letin," says Mr. H.

Lambourne, 122, Par-

geter Street, Walsall,

recent winner of a

record one-week prize of 1,250 Guineas.

"I wouldn't be without it."

"I can trace a definite improvement in

my own efforts since I started receiving



Mr. H. Lambourne

Bullets Bulletin," writes Mr. J. Lindsay, 39, Kenilworth Avenue, Wishaw, Second Prize-winner in the same contest.

"I consider three months' study of *Bullets Bulletin* the equal of three years' competition experience," declares another winner, Mr. J. Maguire, 7, Upper Leeson Street, Dublin.

The good things in *Bullets Bulletin* can also help you into the winning list, but a place amongst the regular readers may mean much more than free *Bullets* help by post every Thursday.

If you are not yet registered for *Bullets Bulletin*, become a reader this evening by posting the coupon below. This simple act will enable JOHN BULL to add a Record Bonus of £500 to the First Prize you may be invited to choose on July 15.

If you waste this coupon, you may be throwing away as much as you earn in two or three years!

£500 BONUS COUPON

USE THIS TO SECURE YOUR FREE "BULLETS" BULLETINS

I enclose P.O. No. value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this coupon with your "Bullets" entry

NAME

ADDRESS

Post to:—"BULLETS" DEPT., JOHN BULL PRESS LTD., 19, SHOOTING GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

Insurance Forms and Pen Coupon on page 16 this week.

COLOSSAL PRIZES FOR A FEW WORDS!

£4,000 CASH AND A WEEK FOR LIFE

£3,000 CASH AND A WEEK FOR LIFE

£2,500 CASH AND A WEEK FOR LIFE

£2,000 CASH AND A WEEK FOR LIFE

£1,500 CASH AND A WEEK FOR LIFE

£1,000 CASH AND A WEEK FOR LIFE

£500 CASH BONUS

FOR FIRST PRIZE-WINNER IF REGISTERED FOR OUR FREE 'BULLETS' BULLETIN BY JULY 2. Send coupon on page 34

OTHER PRIZES

SECOND PRIZE **£200** **£50** THIRD PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5 10 PRIZES OF £2.10
25 OF £1 50 OF 10/- 500 OF 2/-
2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

£3,000 CASH

ENTER BY SAT. JULY 2 - WINNER TELEGRAPHED ON FRI. JULY 15

LAST WEEK TO WIN—THIS IS THE WAY

WITH only a few days left to secure your choice of JOHN BULL'S Seven Sensational Prizes, the best time to begin on your *Bullets* is—now!

First of all, read through the *Examples* given and jot down the many rough ideas they will bring to your mind. Never mind how rough they may seem at first.

Now take these rough ideas in turn and polish each one into a *Bullet*, remembering that on your choice of words your whole future may depend.

Suppose, for instance, you have jotted down against the *Example* WEARY WORLD, the rough idea—OVERLOADED WITH ARMAMENTS. You have now to express it neatly in TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. Well, after polishing up the phrasing, you might complete your *Bullet* thus—WEARY WORLD—"MARCHING SONGS" WON'T HELP.

Next study the winning efforts printed on the opposite page this week; then get busy on some *Bullets* worthy of this wonderful offer, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, July 2.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITISH OAK
WEARY WORLD
FLAG OF TRUCE
EAGERLY AWAITED
POLITICS
TAXPAYER'S BATTLE
WEAR A SMILE AND
AFTERWARDS
THE JERRYBUILDER
ALL TOO SOON
MUSIC IN HER EARS
HELPING HUSBY
PLAINLY
TO MAKE PEACE

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER
LIFE SEEMS EMPTY WHEN
SHE LOOKED SWEET, BUT
USUALLY FOLLOWS
DISARMING
CURIOUS COINCIDENCE
FOR TWO
WHATEVER HAPPENS
PERIL OF THE SEA
GOES ON
LITTLE MAN
HONEST JOHN

LAND OF THE FREE
WINKING AT DORA
MR. KILLJOY
NOT CRICKET
SPEED MANIAC
RACE FOR PROSPERITY
PATH OF PROGRESS
MAN'S MISTAKE
HEAVEN KNOWS
TOO MUCH
A CRY WAS HEARD AND
ANXIOUS MOMENT
HAS GENEVA FAILED?

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(855) P.O. No. _____
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(855) P.O. No. _____
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(855) P.O. No. _____
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A & Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of Postal Order.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(855) P.O. No. _____
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(855) P.O. No. _____
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(855) P.O. No. _____
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 855, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

£10,000 in HOLIDAY PRIZES—Record Campaign opens next week with 50 Big Cheques.



speed! efficiency! fitness!

watchwords of the gay young people
who use Gibbs Dentifrice

Faster! Faster! cries the younger generation. Give us better, surer results in a shorter time. Teach us to be more beautiful, more healthy, to keep Health and Beauty longer!

Naturally the dentifrice they use is Gibbs Dentifrice.

Gibbs is the completely modern dentifrice, made right in the beginning to an ideal formula, kept up to date by constant research by Gibbs Chemists. It is the perfected product of modern science with generations of successful experience behind it.

Gibbs Dentifrice yields a fragrant foam which penetrates every corner of the teeth and mouth, kills germs and washes away all impurities. Gibbs Dentifrice polishes, without scratching, the delicate enamel and reveals the glistening charm of your teeth.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice
BRITISH MADE GD 328

Gibbs Dentifrice costs less, lasts much longer than ordinary toothpastes and powders. Buy your Gibbs Dentifrice today. In Aluminium cases: Popular size 7½d; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. Gibbs Dental Cream in Tubes 6d & 1/-.

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., COLD CREAM SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.1.

The BLACKPOOL Symphony

All through the Summer the Blackpool Symphony is in full swing. The healthy tonic air from the open sea, the pleasures of the golden shore, the joys of the open air bath, the care-free happiness of the golf courses and sports park, the charm of the promenade and cliff walks, and the enjoyment of unequalled entertainments.

All work in perfect harmony and ensure a holiday of a thousand delights. Come now!

A beautifully illustrated booklet, "THE BLACKPOOL HOLIDAY JOURNAL," will be mailed free of charge to all who write to A. S. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool. Secure your copy now, and learn more about this wonder resort!

• **TRAVEL BY LMS** •
EXPRESS SERVICES... CHEAP FARES
Particulars from any LMS Station, Office or Agency.



Yeast-Vite

Brand

HURRAH for HEALTH!

How wonderful is the **BUOYANCY**, the glorious feeling of **PERFECT FITNESS** which "Yeast-Vite" so quickly brings. You feel as though you could jump for joy!

IS

LIFE



Why be Moody and Depressed? Are you going to allow Languor and Lassitude to hang on and spoil your Summer? You MUST TAKE "Yeast-Vite."

TO MEN

YOU need the QUICK Relief and LASTING Benefit which "Yeast-Vite" gives. Take "Yeast-Vite" to-day.

NO MORE LANGUOR

Has Summer found out the Weak Spots in your health? Have you felt that Heavy-limbed Listlessness, distressing Weakness of Body and Dullness of Mind which warn you of depleted Health Reserves?

'Yeast-Vite,' the LIGHTNING pick-up, restores Buoyancy, Energy and Vitality in a few minutes. Take two or three Tablets NOW lest that Depressed state of Body and Mind hangs on all through the Summer! A QUICK Tonic is what you need—a QUICK Tonic with a LASTING effect. And this is what 'Yeast-Vite' supplies.

In the pure Medicinal Yeast, Vitamins and other Tonic and Recuperative Ingredients are just those essential elements which your System MUST HAVE!! Steadiness for your NERVES! Strength for your BODY! Purification for your BLOOD! Alertness for your BRAIN! Relief from your PAINS!

**NO CURE
—NO PAY**

"YEAST-VITE" Brand TABLETS. All Chemists: 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Bottle

T.C.B.

**Lassitude
Depression
Headaches
Nerve Pains
Sleeplessness
Indigestion
Rheumatism**

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite from any Chemist, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of its WONDERFUL POWER and TONIC PROPERTIES return the empty carton to "Yeast-Vite," Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.